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PROGRESS OF THE SCIENCES.

NATURAL HISTORY.

ON THE RAT D'EAU.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—The phenomenon to which I allude has, I believe, been described by travellers before; but as it occurred to me during a recent tour through the South of France, I cannot resist the temptation of offering you a few desultory remarks upon it.

I refer to that singular occurrence in the river which is commonly called the *Mascaret*, and which is known in that part of France by the name of the *Rat d'eau*. Major Rennel, in his account of India, has mentioned a similar phenomenon having been observed in the Ganges; and Constantine has described it as occurring in the river of the Amazons.

After a long continuance of dry weather, by which the waters of the Dordogne are very much reduced in quantity, we perceive at that part of its course where it mingles its waters with those of the Garonne, this appearance presenting itself, as a huge mass of water somewhat resembling the form of a tun-barrel, which rolls from one side of the river to the other, at one time disappearing, and at another rising again with increased dimensions and violence, and proceeding up the river to the distance of about 22 miles.

As soon as its approach is indicated, both men and cattle retire from its banks.

From the suddenness of its appearance, and the violence with which it moves, it is often productive of serious evils. It has been frequently known to tear up by their roots trees which were growing on that side of the river to which it may have rolled, to sink or destroy boats, and to break down the banks of the river.

The seafaring men who reside at the mouth of the river can generally predict the occurrence of the *Rat d'eau*, from observing the depression in the river, and the force of the flowing tide. From these circumstances they are generally able to escape those unpleasant and dangerous consequences to which this event gives rise.

This remarkable phenomenon usually presents itself first opposite to the village of Bec d'Ambes. From this place it proceeds up the river, suffering a variety of changes in its appearance, till it reaches the town of Libourne, where it roars with apparently increased impetuosity, agitates the waters of the river to a considerable extent, and at the same time suffers a very considerable diminution in its size and in its force.

This singular occurrence in the river Dordogne may doubtless be attributed to the combined operation of several causes, of which, however, the sea appears to be the most essential.

At the flow of the tide its waters are conveyed by the Gironde to the mouths of the rivers the Garonne and the Dordogne.

Here the bed of the Garonne being considerably diverted out of the direction of the flowing tide, and the Dordogne being very favourably situated with regard to the Gironde, it (the Dordogne) receives a greater abundance of waters, which, entering with great rapidity, and penetrating very far in the form of immense waves, are thrown from side to side, and assume a variety of singular appearances. The diversified forms which the *Mascaret* exhibits may be ascribed to the rapidity of the current of the river, to its numerous turnings, to the resistance which it meets from the sand-banks, and to a variety of other concurrent causes. Yours respectfully,

Edinburgh, Nov. 15, 1816.

T. W.

HISTORY.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES AT CANSTATT, IN THE KINGDOM OF WURTEMBERG—DISCOVERED IN FEBRUARY, 1817.

A field to the south-west of the town having been ploughed a little deeper than usual, gave occasion to the turning up of several spots of black earth, in which the following articles were successively found. 1. Jugs, large and small, but all of one shape, viz. nearly in the form of a ball, with handles and very narrow mouths. 2. Lamps of various colours, white, red, and black. 3. Bones, partly of grown persons, partly of children, and some of animals, many entire, many half decayed, the most with visible marks of combustion. 4. A dish, a small black pot; pieces of glass, viz. the neck and handles of a very large glass bottle, which was unfortunately broken in the digging it up; a lump of glass, pressed or melted together, which seems to have been also a lamp; several fragments of vessels of a very fine sort, some of which are marked with the name of the potter; and lastly, two coins, one of Adrian, the other of Trajan, or rather coined in honor of Trajan by the Roman senate and people.

All these circumstances show, that here was a Roman burying ground; and the discovery is the more important as some antiquarians have affirmed that there was nothing of the kind in this neighbourhood. In many of the urns there were remains of ashes and burnt bones.

Not far from the above place, but nearer the town, and just on the spot where, according to all circumstances, the chief settlement of the Romans in these parts must have been, there were discovered at the same time, very considerable foundation walls and remains of buildings, which on examination appeared to be the foundations of very considerable edifices, and continue to a distance which has not yet been explored. They are connected with earlier discovered remains of walls, columns, and streets, and prove more and more the amazing extent of the colony or city which must once have stood here.

Near them was a great number of tiles of the Roman shape; a large quantity of broken earthen vessels, of the fine red kind, equally distinguished by their elegant form, and by their beautiful ornaments, handles, mouths, and fragments of quite colossal vessels of a coarser kind; and lastly, a bronze head of a Silenus with a garland on, several unimportant pieces of bronze, and some defaced Roman coins.

That these articles are of Roman origin, is shown as well by their shape and nature, as by the circumstance that several of the vessels bear the name and the stamp of the potter: the names of Austrus, Regnus, and Aventinus, are particularly plain. These, however, are not what constitute the real value of the discovery: it is another circumstance, which at first seems unimportant. On a fresh turned up spot, was found a place consisting of quite red earth, like bole, entirely different from the rest of the soil: the first idea which naturally arose was, that this might perhaps be some of the very identical earth, of which the Romans made their so highly admired vessels. This might perhaps be the pit of a Roman potter. This conjecture was confirmed on a nearer examination, not only by the nature of the earth itself, and by its not being found any where in the neighbourhood, but also by the additional discovery close by, of an uncommon quantity of pot sherds of all kinds, and also dross probably produced in the oven. And this it is which seems particularly worthy of remark. For if this idea is confirmed, we have at once a solution of the question, so often agitated by antiquarians, whether those vessels were manufactured by the Romans in our parts, or brought from a distance? and we have also a new proof of the fixed and permanent settlement of the Romans in our district.

PROGRESS OF THE ARTS.

NEW APPLICATION OF STEAM TO NAVAL PURPOSES.

To the Editor.

Sir,—If steam-engines possess great force, they also occupy an immense space on board a vessel, not only by the moving power, but also by the quantity of fuel necessary to continue them in action: without enumerating the dangers of fire or explosion, the price of fuel will necessarily limit the use of steam-boats; and the difficulty of finding in every port coals, or a proper combustible, will oppose their adoption in long voyages.

What is the merit of a steam-boat? The having proved that a vessel can move in all weathers without sails, with a sufficient force to overcome the current of rivers. This force is relative to the magnitude of the steam-engine employed; and, to refer to a known case, the corvette, *Eliza*, which ascended the Seine, manœuvred with a twelve horse power or 8,400 pounds.

Is it not possible to find a still greater moving power, more simple, and more economical? I apprehend so. This moving power, already well known and applied to many purposes, is the hydraulic press of Pascal; this press, with a moving force of 100 pounds, has a power equal to 72,000 pounds. But it may be asked, is the hydraulic press applicable to navigation, and can it replace the steam-engine? The hydraulic press acts perpendicularly, but thence to form a lateral or rotatory motion is now no longer a problem; besides, it is already resolved in the steam-boats.

The hydraulic press acts slowly, but it possesses an immense power. It is well known in mechanics, that velocity is acquired at the expense of power. To give a familiar example, I would observe, that we can scarcely perceive the weight of a jack descend, while the eye cannot follow the rapidity of the fly.

There is, therefore, no difficulty in this respect. The Eliza moved with a power of 8 or 9000 pounds, furnished by a steam-engine. Substitute for it an hydraulic press, and employ only a power of fifty pounds to the lever of the pump, you will then have a power equal to 36,000 pounds; on which, allowing one-half for speed, you will have a power of 18,000 pounds, and the vessel will make double the way of the one moved by the dangerous power of steam.

It will, perhaps, be objected, that the piston of the hydraulic press having reached the maximum of its development, the action ceases, and it is necessary to wait until the cylinder shall be empty, and the piston descends, to re-commence the action of the press. This is true, but the difficulty would be avoided by employing two presses, to act in succession on the same axis, so that one shall turn it while the other is empty, and the latter will continue the action when that of the former ceases. The air-pump offers a specimen of this species of action.

From this expose, every mechanic who is acquainted with the hydraulic press will readily conceive the application to wheels, or oars, for a vessel. The mechanism is very different from the steam-engine, it is much more simple, it requires no fuel, occupies less space, runs no risk of bursting or taking fire, and can be used wherever there is water, and consequently may be adopted in long voyages, and would occupy no more hands than a steam-engine.

LE CHEVALIER CADET DE GASSICOURT.
Paris, Jan., 1817.

ON OBTAINING GAS LIGHT FROM OIL.

Mr. J. B. Emmett, of Hull, has published some experiments which he made during the summer of last year, with a view of ascertaining whether a gas might not be obtained from oil, equal to that obtained from coal; so as to prevent the injury threatened to the Greenland trade by the rapidly increasing use of the latter in the lighting of towns, &c. By distilling various oils previously mixed with dry sand or pulverized clay, at a temperature little below ignition, he obtained a gas which appeared to be a mixture of carburetted hydrogen and supercarburated hydrogen gases. This gas produces a flame

equally brilliant, and often much more brilliant than that produced from coal. It differed very little in quality, whether obtained from mere refuse, or from good whale sperm, almond or olive oil, or tallow. The gas when burnt produces no smoke, and exhales no smell or unpleasant vapour. Whatever oil is used, it evolves much more light when burnt as gas than when consumed as oil; in the latter case the flame is obscured by the evolution of a quantity of soot; in the former, the soot remains in the distilling vessel, and the flame burns with a clear light destitute of smoke.

With respect to the interest of the Greenland traders in this discovery, Mr. E. observes, that fish oil has long been banished almost entirely from private houses and shops—and that in the shape of a gas light its safety and economy may again introduce it into these places, and thus increase in no inconsiderable degree the consumption of oil, particularly since the gas may be rendered so far portable, that houses situated in parts of a town which are not provided with gas pipes, may daily receive sufficient supplies of it without having to make it themselves.

PURIFICATION OF GOLD AND SILVER BY A NEW PROCESS.

In Germany a new method has been invented for separating all extraneous matters from gold and silver, which occupies only half the time usually devoted to such a process, saves one half of the expense, and brings the gold by a single operation to 24 carats of fineness, which is its highest degree of purity. Neither aqua-fortis nor any other liquid is used in this process, a crucible is the only utensil necessary, and fire is employed as the agent, for dissolving the metal. The inventor offers to tell his secret.

POLITE LITERATURE.

OF THE WORK OF BARON D'IMBERT AND M. CONSTANTIN.

A new work is advertised, which is directed against the policy of England and which, it is said, will clear up many events, the causes of which have hitherto escaped the investigation of politicians. The history of this threatened publication is rather singular.

"Baron D'Imbert, formerly rear-admiral in the service of France, agent to his majesty Louis XVIII, and the English government, from 1792 till the time of the restoration, had confided to M. Constantin, a lawyer at Dinant, the care of drawing up the *precis* of his memoirs. He presented himself to me," says the lawyer, "under the auspices of a person to whom I could refuse nothing. I therefore fulfilled the intentions of M. D'Imbert, in a manner which satisfied him; but his conduct towards me not having been such as it ought to be, I have resolved to prove to the Baron, that my good faith is not to be abused with impunity; and to attain my object I propose to recommence the work in question, and to print it."—Thus these memoirs will have been written in two different ways; first to satisfy M. D'Imbert who

is the hero of them, and secondly to be revenged on him."

According to what M. Constantin says, M. D'Imbert has been employed in negotiations of the highest importance. He throws a great light on men and things, and brings several disgraceful accusations against the English governments, which he supports by a detail of facts. Lord St. John in particular is painted in frightful colours. In short, of all the works written against the English government there is no one, which has appeared to M. Constantin more vigorous and more formidable (*attirant*). This has induced the author to apply to his Excellency the British ambassador at the court of France, for his consent. He does not wish, he says in his letter, to offend the government of a nation, which has "*broken the disgraceful chains, in which my unhappy country groaned*." "If you desire, My Lord," concludes M. Constantin, "that the *precis*, should not appear, I condemn it to eternal oblivion."

His Excellency not having thought proper to answer, the work will appear in two or three months.

OF THE NOTICE ABSURDLY BESTOWED ON PLAYERS IN SOME OF THE PUBLIC PAPERS. The practice of Newspapers in minutely detailing every particular relative to theatrical characters is as remarkable in France as in England, and has given rise to the following *jeu d'esprit* in a Paris journal.

"Since the dramatic art has become an object of the first necessity to a numerous class of individuals, it is not surprising to learn that a subscription has been opened, for the purpose of attaching *historiographers* to the suite of every performer, singer or dancer of the capital, who may receive invitations to ramble through the provinces or to visit foreign countries. The French, German, English and Italian journals have become insufficient to fulfil, in a manner worthy of their contemporaries and posterity, the task which the greater part have imposed on themselves. Whether through their own negligence or the enterprise being beyond their power, they omit mentioning many desirable particulars concerning the public and private lives of performers. They sometimes suffer two whole days to pass over without giving us any information respecting them. Madame Catalani since her arrival in Italy, was hoarse for the space of eight and forty hours, and a month elapsed before the event was made known in France: even when the news arrived, no mention was made of the physicians who watched over her dear health, or what kind of syrup had been prescribed for her. At the beginning of last week, Mademoiselle Bourgois was seized with the head-ach, and to this moment no accounts have been published concerning the precise duration of her illness; some declare that she was indisposed for eight hours, others say for fifteen. With regard to Talma, we certainly receive more exact information; but still we are never told at what hour he rises, or what he takes for breakfast. With the other performers it is still worse, their itineraries are so imper-

fectly drawn up that nobody knows whether they travel in carriages or post-chaises, or at what houses they stop on the roads. In a word we can obtain only incomplete details and mutilated histories concerning them.

The idea, therefore, of attaching historiographers to each of their persons, is extremely happy; the interest of the art renders it necessary, and posterity will be eternally grateful to us. It is to be hoped that the produce of the subscription opened for this purpose will be sufficient to provide for the establishment of couriers wherever they may be thought necessary, and telegraphic lines on every road along which a player, or a singing, or a dancing artist may have occasion to travel.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE REV. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN, D.D. late Vice Provost of the College of Fort William in Bengal. By the Rev. HUGH PEARSON, A.M. of St. John's College, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo.

This is a biography of no ordinary character, and though, perhaps, it is tinged too strongly with the sombre cast of enthusiasm, it abounds with much valuable information respecting the state of religion and morals in our eastern settlements. The author properly observes in his preface, that "the foundation of our episcopal establishment has indeed been laid in India; but it requires to be strengthened and enlarged, and a more goodly and majestic superstructure to be erected upon it. Churches are still wanting at the different European stations, and a considerable increase in the number of chaplains. The translation of the Scriptures, and of useful tracts, into the oriental languages, should be encouraged and pursued. Schools should be instituted for the instruction of the young, more particularly in the knowledge of the English language; and the native Christians, instead of being, as hitherto, neglected and even repressed, should be accredited and supported."

How much was performed by Dr. Buchanan in the important work of spreading the Christian religion in that country, is known sufficiently to our readers, and it is to be regretted that he was not enabled to extend his views still farther, after having taken incredible pains to qualify himself for the momentous concern.

This extraordinary man was born at Cambuslang, near Glasgow, March 12, 1766, and received his education at the Grammar School of Inverary, where his diligence and proficiency must have been considerable, as at the age of fourteen, we find him engaged in the capacity of a private tutor to the two sons of Mr. Campbell, of Dunstaffnage. In 1782, he left that family, and proceeded to the University of Glasgow, where he remained till 1784, and again became a tutor in a private family, but returned to college in 1786, with a view to the ministry in the Church of Scotland. From some cause of the tender kind, however, which we are left to guess, his object was crossed, and he quitted his native country with the romantic design of travelling through Europe on foot.

On his arrival in London, in September, 1787, being in very low circumstances, he offered himself as clerk to an attorney, and was accepted. Here he behaved so well as to obtain a better situation with another gentleman in the law, and lastly he engaged with a respectable solicitor in the city for three years. His project was now laid aside, but it appears that he had many difficulties to struggle with, as his highest salary did not exceed forty pounds a year. It is indeed evident that he led rather a dissipated life at this period, and his biographer acknowledges nearly as much, when he talks of his irreligious state and his fondness for the theatre. Yet amidst these levities he had serious moments, and his reflections were sometimes gloomy and desponding. At length, in 1791, he was brought acquainted with the late Rev. John Newton, so well known by his own remarkable conversion and his numerous writings. The kind attentions of this excellent man were of the utmost benefit to young Buchanan, who thenceforward became an ornament to religion and a blessing to his friends. This change brought with it the desire of entering upon that sacred profession for which he was originally designed, but having now imbibed sentiments in unison with the doctrine and discipline of the English Church, he turned his thoughts to episcopal ordination. In this he was encouraged by Mr. Newton, and by his means was enabled to accomplish his object, through the liberality of the late Mr. Henry Thornton, who bore the expense of supporting him till he had taken his bachelor's degree at Queen's College, Cambridge. He was then ordained by the late Bishop Porteus, upon the title of curate to his venerable friend the Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth; but in 1796, he was appointed one of the company's chaplains in India, where he arrived in March the following year, and was stationed at Barrackpore. In the spring of 1799, he married Miss Mary Whish, daughter of the Rev. Richard Whish, rector of Northwold, in Norfolk, and towards the close of the same year he was appointed third chaplain to the presidency. The year following, he was nominated Vice Provost and Professor of the Classics of the College of Fort William, then just established by the present Marquis of Wellesley. Of that institution, a particular account is given in the memoir, but our limits will not allow even of an abstract, and therefore we must hasten to the year 1805, when Mr. Buchanan gave two prizes of 500*l.* each, to the two English universities, for essays on the following subjects: "The probable design of Divine Providence in subjecting so large a portion of Asia to the British dominion;—The duty, means and consequences of translating the Scriptures into the oriental tongues, and of promoting Christian knowledge in Asia;—A brief historic view of the Progress of the Gospel in different nations, since its first promulgation; illustrated by maps, showing its luminous tract throughout the world; with chronological notices of its duration in particular places." The same year he lost his wife on her voyage to England for the recovery of her health: and soon afterwards he obtained

an honorary degree of doctor in divinity from the university of Glasgow. The following year, Dr. Buchanan made a tour to the coast of Malabar, partly for the recruiting of his shattered nerves, and partly to make observations on the Syrian churches. Of this journey a very interesting account, taken from his papers, is here given, with views of several of those churches, taken on the spot, by the Doctor, who returned to Calcutta in March, 1807. The College of Fort William being reduced, and the office of vice provost abolished, Dr. Buchanan, who found his situation rendered disagreeable on many accounts, particularly by the conduct of Lord Minto, resolved to quit Calcutta, which he accordingly did in December, 1807; and after visiting Ceylon and Malabar, arrived in England in August, 1808. In the following spring, the degree of D. D. was conferred on him by the University of Cambridge, in obedience to the royal mandate; and in February of the next year, he entered into the marriage state with Miss Mary Thompson, the daughter of a gentleman of piety and fortune, near Boroughbridge in Yorkshire. The death of this accomplished and amiable woman, in April, 1813, must have been a great shock to one whose frame was already much enervated by no common exertions both in the East and in England: such, however, was his energy of mind, that he continued to prosecute his labors for the propagation of the gospel, and had actually made arrangements for printing a new edition of the Syriac New Testament, in the execution of which design he went to reside at Broxbourne in Hertfordshire, that he might be near the press of Mr. Watts, where he was carried off, suddenly, by a paralytic stroke, February 9, 1815.

We have thus condensed in as short a compass as possible, the memoir of this active and liberal divine, whose labors will long be remembered both in England and India, but especially in the latter country, where we trust he has sown the seed of an abundant harvest. His biographer has done justice to the subject, and we can say of his work, nearly what Dr. Johnson observed of another edifying narrative, that it is a performance worthy of the perusal of the philosopher, on account of the variety of important considerations which it embraces, and of the Christian, for its animating stimulus to the noblest exercise of charity, in spreading the light of revelation where superstition is leagued with cruelty, and ignorance sinks human nature almost to brutality.

LDWAL, AND OTHER PORTIONS OF A POEM. By P. BAYLEY, Esq.

Poetry, which is an imitative art, extends its imitative licence even to the mimicry of its own votaries. Every age has its favorite poets, and every age has its minor and unfledged aspirers to renown, who think, that by copying the prevalent style of those favorites, they shall prosper accordingly. This sort of imitation is attended with much difficulty; and as it is almost invariably found to fail, one cannot help pitying those authors, who have taken so much pains to ruin themselves.

Mr. Bayley has evidently determined to form himself, as a writer, upon the model of Lord Byron. Whatever his own original talents may be, we know not; but this we know, that his imitations are most unhappy. Without the nervousness, the compactness or the fire of Lord Byron, he makes fruitless efforts to shine in all three; and with natural elegance, softness and harmony, by which alone he could hope to become popular, he casts those qualities aside with disdain, because Lord Byron does not possess them. In short, he fails egregiously as a mimic, and will not allow himself to succeed as an original. This is truly pitiable; and this it is, which gives every age a particular tact of poetry, caught from some super-eminent master, and so highly seasoned by inferior artists, that at last it palls upon the public palate, and forces the nauseated reader to call aloud for some other course of diet. We can forgive Lord Byron his occasional inelegance and incorrectness, because they are interwoven with strength of thought, and high wrought feeling. But we cannot allow ourselves to confound that which accompanies, with that which causes. Subservient faults happen to accompany Lord Byron's beauties, and, therefore, Mr. Bayley seems to conclude, that by imitating the faults, (an easy task at all times,) the beauties must needs follow, by a principle of inseparability.

His Preface, we conceive, is one of the weakest, by way of preparation for what we are to expect, that ever was penned. He boasts of the short time in which most of his fragments were written, acknowledges that he is conscious of their errors, promises to correct them hereafter, and lays them, all crude as they are, before the public. Nothing can well be conceived more indecent and unjustifiable; it even approaches to arrogance. It seems to say, that there is enough of merit to carry the performance through, in despite of all its blemishes, and it is paying a compliment to the reader's good-nature at the expense of his pocket, or his understanding.

We were rather more agreeably surprised at another part of his Preface, in which he boasts of his "breaking up of the couplets, and the frequent running them into each other." To say nothing of the bad grammar of this promissory sentence, we have to congratulate the author on our being able to return the bill protested. Absolutely, we do not think, that in any equal number of Pope's lines, there is to be discovered so great a number of unbroken couplets, and so few that run into each other. If ever monotony were experienced by undeviating distribution of metre into distinct couplets, it is to be found in the poems of Mr. Bayley. In this respect, we are obliged to him. For, the fact is, with whatever sameness this regularity of cadence be accompanied, the heroic measure will admit of very few variations without disappointment to the ear. Even Lord Byron has used these variations sparingly, and not always happily, whereas Mr. Bayley, who is far more penurious of them, is rather more judicious in their disposal.

Among the many faults with which our fashionable poetry is afflicted, none are more deplorable than that of introducing words, which are considered vulgar even in prose, and others which have never hitherto been admitted into poetry. When we mention, that Mr. Bayley has several times used the word *cowed* for frightened, we say enough, we think, to prove how far he is gone in the epidemical disorder of modern vulgarity.

As he has published the present volume by way of specimen and experiment, and as he conceives, that "decent mediocrity," at the present day, cannot be tolerated, we would seriously advise him to relinquish the threat of eleven or twelve thousand lines, which, it seems, are impending over our heads. We know, that some brother reviewers were rather infelicitous in their advice to his grand prototype; but unless Mr. Bayley too, be a minor, according to the English law, we venture to prophecy, that he will never succeed to an acre of the Parnassian estate.

THE CRESCENT, A NATIONAL POEM; to commemorate the glorious Victory of Algiers. By Mrs. M'MULLAN.

Were we even inclined to be severe, it would almost be impossible to exercise the faculty of criticism on this lady's Poem, after perusing the very modest address to the reader, which is prefixed to it. The widow of a naval character has high claims to the protection and assistance of a great maritime country, and must ever find a powerful advocate in every British heart. Moreover, works of a patriotic tendency, published with the view of celebrating our national glory, claim more indulgence than almost any other species of composition: the intention, if not the execution, must be approved of. It is not, however, to these considerations merely, or to the information which we receive from the authoress, of her having rapidly accomplished this composition "amidst the numerous avocations of a busy and very anxious life," that we join in that encouragement and applause which are very justly due to this lady on still higher grounds of claim, namely, patriotism, feeling, and not unfrequently high animation of style. We should do injustice both to the reader and to the poetess, if we did not make a few extracts, which, we doubt not, will give the former a foretaste for a more extensive perusal of this interesting little poem. In Canto I. p. 11. v. 15, we have the following lines.

Vainly had Nature to the despot given
A land of fragrance and the breath of Heaven,
The vine, the citron, the luxuriant palm,
Refreshing zephyrs and spontaneous balm:
No generous culture aids the blossoms here;
But listless indolence and servile fear, &c.

In page 14 of the same Canto, the whole 19th verse is full of feeling, beginning with Of life's best treasure thus completely shorn,
Can the sad captive bless returning morn?

The description in page 21. v. 29. is very interesting.

The winds may listen and the tempest spare;
But when did Mercy dwell with the Corsair?

In the second Canto, p. 42. v. 11. commencing with

Shall Britain strike, or may she learn to spare?
An awful moment for the proud Corsair.
Call the Divan;—the Gallic Engineers!
Woe to their councils and thy hosts, Algiers!

The authoress gives us a short, but spirited history of the engagement; and, indeed, we did not expect so good an account of a battle from a female pen. The poem, towards its close, breathes very pious sentiments, which do much credit to the writer.

LA VERITE SUR L'ANGLETERRE. PAR UN FRANCAIS.

Our satisfaction in perusing the two volumes which compose this work was not inconsiderable. It is dictated by sentiments, the more noble in a foreigner, because self-interest can have no share in them. Gratitude to the nation which offered an asylum to the fugitive clergy and nobility of France, driven from their homes by injustice and usurpation, and indignation at the silly, gross and lying production of a miserable and irritated prisoner—Le Marechal Pillet, are the evident motives for publishing this work, the illustrious author of which is well known, and much esteemed for the *bon esprit* in which his work is written. Early in the first volume, namely, in page 14 of the introduction, he pays a high compliment to our country: "Montesquieu a fait du gouvernement Anglais et du caractère de cette nation, l'éloge le plus noble, le plus beau qu'on ait jamais fait d'aucun peuple; et cet éloge est conforme à la vérité." He then enlarges on a not less flattering panegyric by Voltaire, where, in giving our national character, he observes: "L'Anglais a beaucoup de fierté dans le caractère, de générosité dans les principes, de noblesse dans les sentiments." In page 33, he very manfully defends the British ladies against the ignorant and impudent attacks of Pillet, where he accuses them of a *profonde hypocrisie*, and (as usual) talks nonsense, about their mock modesty on being horrified at the sound of *chemise*, or *culotte*. We believe that this *sans-culotte Pillet* or *Pillard*, Pendar or Fuyarl, was so put to his shifts that the want of both might have chased him from decent society. In page 41, is given a very just account, of which many of our countrymen have, since the peace, had ocular demonstration, of the meliorated situation of our peasants, compared with those of France: "Aux Portes de Paris (says he) il n'est pas rare de voir le paysan réduit à l'impuissance de manger de la viande les Dimanches, il marche pieds nus," etc. In answer to the degrading calumnies directed against our nobility by the Renegade Pillet, he gives an instance of nobility, sprung from the dregs of the people, in the persons of the Dukes of Parma and Rovigo: "ces titres (adds he) ont été regardés comme des sobriquets, et le mépris général en a fait justice, lors même que les hommes chargés de ces titres écrasaient impunément le peuple sous le poids de leur insolente vanité." In page 104, a very just view is taken of the state of Britain under William the Conqueror; and further on, he contrasts, very truly, the conduct of the French nobility with that of our Barons fighting at various periods for the people's dearest rights: "en France, et dans les

diverses gouvernemens de l'Europe, au contraire, la noblesse a constamment asservi le peuple et n'a rien fait pour la liberté publique;" etc.; and, further on, in p. 111, he adds: "mais, en Angleterre, la noblesse a fait preuve de patriotisme." Nothing can be more true, or handsomer on the part of the author. In repelling the attack of the marshal touching our want of religion, he quotes Lord Bacon, "un peu de philosophie peut faire naître des doutes sur la religion, beaucoup de philosophie fait croire et la fait respecter." Through the whole of the first volume as well as the second, evident proofs are given of having read our history with profit and attention; but the author's views respecting catholic emancipation, reform in parliament, and the individual and personal consent of the people to the amelioration of laws, are not quite so correct as his other positions. Constitutions are not manufactured as cutlery and arms are at Birmingham by handicrafts and mechanics: ages digest these works with the slow and sure Briton, ever jealous of his rights and ever an enemy to haste and irreflexion. These advantages will, we anxiously hope, ere long be obtained; but they must be tempered with those prudent modifications, which may tend, by unanimity to prop, instead of sapping, the foundation of our stupendous constitutional fabric. It would be useless to enter into the views, very just though they are, which are given in the commencement of the second volume respecting the liberty of the subject, the Habeas Corpus Act, etc. In pages 24 and 25, equal impartiality is shewn in the remarks on our mutiny bill, and on the duties of a *juge de paix*, very expressively styled by the author, *gardien de la paix*. These subjects are too well known to an Englishman to require our commenting on them. In page 33, trial by jury, that *Aegis* of our liberty, which, says the author, "on voit en vigueur en Angleterre sous le roi Ethelred," is described with admirable precision, and justice. In p. 58, he very descriptively and very handsomely represents London as, "le centre du monde commercial, la capitale de l'Europe, la metropole de l'univers." In page 138, we have a just and liberal statement of our naval superiority, and of the efficiency and respectability of our army, contrasted with Monsieur Pillet's little and jealous calumny, which awkwardly attempts to caricature the "mince courtaud du Strand, de Cornhill et de Fleet Street," affecting a *tournure martiale*, which witty sally may perhaps be meant to prove the extent of the Marshal's knowledge and of his travels, without which, one might, from his treating of "ivrognes et filoux," and the ladies (of his acquaintance) found drunk in the gutter with a pipe in their mouth, have suspected that his habits confined him to St. Giles's, Hockley in the hole, or Vinegar Yard. The conclusion, which compliments us on the preservation of his legitimate king, and points at the perpetuation of friendly relations betwixt this country and France, bespeaks a good heart, and discovers the feelings of a loyal subject and a good Frenchman. We are sorry that he has dwelt so much on an unworthy subject—Mons. Pillet: two lines might have refuted his

absurdities—a cypher might have described his abilities; but Mons. P. well knew that calumny, however disgraceful to the author, and at variance with common sense, would sell, and he has basely pocketed the price of his infamy. We cannot take leave of "La Vérité sur l'Angleterre," without the most unqualified admiration of the motives which produced it, nor without much esteem for the author who has so freely, and so fairly stood up as champion in the honourable cause of truth.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LATE FRANCIS HORNER, ESQ.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—You have in a former paper mentioned the mournful and honourable testimony borne to the talents and virtues of Mr. Horner, upon the occasion of the moving of a new writ for the Borough of St. Mawes, by Lord Morpeth. In that tribute to his memory, there united every quarter of the House and every description of men, of whom it is composed, each through the mouth of no unworthy nor insufficient representative.—As those speeches, however, being addressed to auditors who had witnessed, and were perfectly acquainted with the public exertions of the member, whom they had lost, were naturally, and as suited the moment, brief and cursory, it may perhaps not be unwelcome to your readers, if I shortly retrace that political conduct, which had not only raised the highest hopes for the future, but had already entitled Mr. Horner to the confidence of his friends, the admiration of his adversaries, and the growing esteem of his country.

Of his earlier years, I do not pretend to give any account, because I am not in possession of any accurate information. He received his education at the University of Edinburgh, and was one of those, who first set on foot the periodical publication, which almost immediately obtained such deserved celebrity, under the title of the *Edinburgh Review*. To the first number of this work, which appeared in October, 1802, he contributed the observations upon Mr. Henry Thornton's pamphlet, entitled, *An Enquiry into the Nature and Effects of the Paper Currency of Great Britain*. This tract contains the general principles upon which Mr. Horner afterwards acted in the important and principal share which he bore in the discussions and proceedings upon the state of the currency of the country, and proves that he was at that period clearly and distinctly in possession of the soundest doctrines, and of much minute and accurate information upon that topic. When I consider the intricacy and difficulty of the subject, the obscurity in which it was then involved—an obscurity which, during the succeeding years, has been in a good measure dispelled, and then reflect upon the age of the author, who, I apprehend, had at that time little more than completed his twenty-second year, I may fairly doubt whether it is possible to produce so strong an instance of successful application to a study so little congenial to the habits and feelings of youth. From this period he continued to give his able assistance to the above-mentioned publication, but as I have been informed, more and more sparingly, until the year 1809, when he ceased altogether to take any share in it; the last article of his composition being the short but able remarks in the twenty-ninth Number, upon the French translation of Mr. Fox's history. In the early

part of the year 1804, Mr. Horner came to London, and took chambers, we believe, in the Temple—of the exact time at which he was called to the bar, as well as of the other events of his professional life, I am ignorant, but I have the authority of Sir Samuel Romilly for saying, that in his profession his merits, as has been the case with many others, were not, up to the time of his decease, acknowledged and appreciated in a degree at all proportioned to their worth. Upon the cause of this ill success it is vain to speculate; most probably, indeed, had he been spared a few years longer, the fact itself would have been entirely altered: it is, however, somewhat remarkable, that Aristotle states, in very strong terms, that a plain, open, sincere style of oratory is less adapted to the pleading of causes than to political discussion; and that Cicero, in describing an orator, who was unsuccessful as an advocate, but eminently distinguished in the Senate, has made use of expressions, which of themselves might serve as the character of Mr. Horner—"In Scauri oratione, sapientis hominis et recti gravitas, summa et naturalis quædam inerat auctoritas, non ut causam, sed ut testimonium dicere putares, cum pro reo diceret. Hoc diebus genus ad patrocinia mediocriter aptum videbatur; ad senatoriam vero sententiam, cuius erat ille princeps, vel maxime. Significabat enim non prudentiam solum, sed, quod maxime rem continebat, fidem." (Cicero de Clar. Orat. 8. 111, 112.)

Upon the dissolution of Parliament in the autumn of 1806, Mr. Horner was elected for the Borough of St. Ives, in Cornwall, and it would be attempting to conceal, that which in our estimation does equal honour to all the parties concerned, if I were not to admit that this circumstance was brought about by the influence, and probably by the assistance, of those political friends, to whom he was by principle and opinion warmly and firmly united. In the new Parliament, which met on the 22d of June, 1807, he sat for the Borough of Wexford.—When that Parliament was dissolved in October 1812, he was for some months without a seat, but was at length returned for the Borough of St. Mawes. The two last-mentioned Boroughs are generally supposed to be under the influence, if not in the nomination, of two Noble Members of the Upper House; and I have been the more particular in stating accurately the places, which Mr. Horner represented, in order that the public may see distinctly that men of honour the most unimpeached, of characters the most disinterested, and of patriotism the most warm and undoubted, have been given to the public by that system, which is so generally represented as pregnant with nothing but self-interest and corruption. For some years after he became a Member of Parliament, Mr. Horner took no very prominent share in the discussions of the House of Commons: neither in the debates upon the abolition of the Slave Trade, nor upon the dissolution of the Whig Ministry in 1807, nor in the repeated contentions upon the Catholic Question, nor in the great difference of opinion respecting the Copenhagen expedition and the Orders in Council, nor upon the disagreeable and unsatisfactory accusation of the Duke of York, nor upon the Policy and Conduct of the Spanish Contest, although his opinion upon all these points, as proved by his votes, was most clear and decided, did he declare himself at any length, or support his suffrage by his arguments. He was a member of the committee of finance, moved by Lord Henry Petty in 1807, and he spoke, occasionally upon matters connected

with the administration of justice in Scotland, with trade, with the poor laws, and generally upon questions rather of municipal jurisprudence, than of immediate political contest, always with great propriety, judgment, information, and good sense. But on the first of February, (1810,) he entered upon that important subject, known popularly by the name of the bullion question; and remarking, in a speech of great perspicuity and knowledge, upon the high price of bullion, the state of the exchanges, and the disappearance of the metallic currency, which had been taking place since the year 1804, with increasing rapidity. He concluded by proposing the production of various accounts, and by stating his intention of moving hereafter for a select-committee to consider the whole of the subject. The committee was afterwards appointed, Mr. Horner was the chairman, he drew the able and elaborate report, and in the year 1811, conducted the debate with a thorough comprehension and ready possession of the whole of that difficult and intricate subject. His reply upon that occasion was peculiarly remarkable for the soundness of its doctrines and the force of its manly eloquence. To the opinions adopted by himself and the majority of the committee upon that question, which appear to many to have been disproved by the subsequent course of events, Mr. Horner always in the main adhered, though, I believe, he was also convinced that they required to be stated with something more of qualification, than they had before received. In the reports of the Parliamentary Debates, he is represented to have expressed himself on the 2d of March, 1815, to the following effect—“For his own part he remained as firm as ever in his original conviction—he had not been inattentive to the subsequent course of events, and had perceived amongst them many new and curious illustrations of the currency and the commerce of Europe. Instead, however, of producing any alteration in the doctrines maintained on that side of the House, they had served to strengthen and confirm them in his mind in every respect.” Upon the Regency Question also, in 1810, Mr. Horner distinguished himself by a speech of great historical and constitutional knowledge, well and forcibly applied to the subject.

But it was from the time of his third election to Parliament, in the year 1813, that his abilities began more fully to develop and display themselves, and that he rose almost daily in the estimation of the House and the Country.—From this period his career, although interrupted by the progress of that disease, which was so soon to terminate it for ever, was one of distinction more and more decidedly established, and of utility continually increasing. The unparalleled and astonishing events, which were passing upon the theatre of the world during the latter months of the year 1813, and the commencement of 1814, naturally silenced and suspended in wonder and expectation the voice of enquiry and remark; but when in the succeeding year the transactions at the Congress of Vienna exhibited themselves in a manner inconsistent with the wishes of the friends of freedom, Mr. Horner stood forth the eloquent and energetic asserter of what he considered the injured character and violated honor of his country. The annexation of part of Saxony to Prussia, the transfer of Genoa to Sardinia, were the objects of his decided reprobation, and he entertained, at least, considerable doubt upon the conduct of the British Government towards the ill-fated Murat. Different sentiments may be entertained with respect to the

justice of these opinions. Perhaps a greater indignation was conceived at these acts, because too sanguine expectations had previously been indulged; expectations ill suited to the character and circumstances of the times, and such as have never yet been realised in the history of human nature. However that may be, the principles he maintained, and the doctrines he enforced upon these occasions, flowed from the purest source, and tended to the highest and the noblest end.—Upon the great question of the Corn Bill in 1814 and 1815, his opinion was opposed not only to the prevailing sense of Parliament, but also, I apprehend, to a majority of those, with whom he usually concurred. His resistance to the measure was characterised by his usual ability, and by great candour, firmness, and moderation. In the session of 1816, the last in which he was destined to bear a part, he distinguished himself, perhaps it is not too much to say, beyond any other member of the House of Commons. He resisted with the greatest eloquence and spirit the renewal of the Property Tax; he objected to the Address of Congratulation upon the Treaties concluded at Paris, upon the moral ground, that the engagements of the allies had been violated, that the family of Bourbon had been forced upon the people of France, contrary to their will; that an act of the greatest violence and injustice had thus been perpetrated, and the most slavish principles maintained and asserted; he argued with redoubled force and increased talent his original opinions respecting the speedy resumption of cash-payments by the Bank, and he left to Ireland a valuable bequest and a lasting memorial of his wisdom and his judgment in the bill which grants or restores to the inhabitants of that country the old constitutional safe-guard of their lives and liberties in providing for the due execution of the functions of Grand Juries:—to the Abolition of the Slave Trade—to what is popularly called the Emancipation of the Catholics, he was upon all occasions a sincere and active friend; but it is unnecessary to enumerate particular instances: every measure which had for its object the prevention of tyranny, the diffusion of happiness, and the diminution of misery, he befriended and promoted with the greatest zeal, and at the same time with the greatest prudence; and he exercised with the utmost vigilance one most important duty of a member of Parliament, in watching every proposition introduced into the House, in order to defeat it, if it were evil—to assist it, if it were good.

On the 25th of June 1816, Mr. Horner opened his lips for the last time in the House of Commons.—His disorder increased so much during the recess, that he was enjoined by his physicians to give up all business, and to try the effect of a milder climate which with all other remedies unhappily proved vain.—The exertions of which I have given a very imperfect notice were made, it must be remembered, in spite of the interruptions occasioned by the duties of his profession, which rendered his absence from London necessary for several weeks together during the sitting of Parliament, and of the languor and suffering produced by the progress of the fatal malady, which latterly was but too apparent. His manner was firm, plain, energetic, but winning and conciliating, his voice strong and harmonious; his language and style of speaking perfectly English and parliamentary.—Both were entirely free from ostentation, and he seemed to address the House only because he felt, that the matter he had to bring forward, was in his opinion of real importance to the

country.—If there was any characteristic which more particularly distinguished him both as a politician and a man, it was a natural and as it were an instinctive superiority to every thing that partook in the slightest degree of a low or doubtful character, a high tone of moral feeling, which without presumption or authority steadily maintained its own course and preserved its own dignity.—The words, justice, equity, faith and honour bore in his mouth their full and real import; every one was assured that they were not used to serve a purpose or to suit an occasion.

When full allowance has been made for the known disposition of mankind to value beneath its real worth that which they possess, and to overrate the excellence, whilst they partly veil and partly forget the defects of those, whom they have lost, it must still be admitted, that the present times, though not unfruitful of creditable and adequate abilities, are not marked by those commanding and superior characters, whom we have been accustomed to see at the head of our government and leading our public councils. At such a moment it is doubly afflicting to all, who wish well to the interests, and who feel warmly for the glory of their country, to have been deprived of one, who promised to ripen into a maturity equal to that of the most eminent who have gone before him. It would be unjust to the times in which we live to say of him, as Cicero said of Hortensius, that he has died *magna sapientum civium bonorumque penuria*; still less applicable, we hope, is the observation that his decease, though to us disastrous, has been fortunate for himself, inasmuch as it has removed him from witnessing the calamities of his country; but we may at least affirm, that he is gone at a moment, when it is not easy to supply his place, and at a crisis of public affairs when the most beneficial influence might have been expected from the joint force of his talents and his character. It is an observation of antiquity, unfavourable to human nature, but I fear, not entirely without foundation, that the dead are praised freely and without reserve, because they are praised without envy and without apprehension of their future competition. But it may be truly said of Mr. Horner, that as he was of all men the freest from any narrow feeling of this description himself, so was he the most incapable of exciting such in others. His superiority, which could not be disputed, was mitigated by the meekness with which he bore it, and the awe and admiration inspired by his abilities were by his temper and disposition softened into cordial friendship and unalloyed affection.

A death is announced in a Swiss Journal, with the following character of the deceased:

Dr. Jung-Stilling was celebrated throughout Germany for his numerous writings and his piety, which in course of time degenerated into *illumination*. In his youth, he followed the trade of a tailor, and afterwards that of a teacher: he then became successively a physician, a moralist, a religious writer, a journalist, a political economist, a visionary, a naturalist, and an excellent oculist. He successfully cured, by surgical operations, two hundred poor people, who were afflicted with cataracts. He firmly believed in the existence of Ghosts, and wrote a book, in which he seriously explained his doctrine. In his Journal, *The Grey Man*, he prophesied that the *Antichrist* would appear within the first forty years of the present century. His works have been much read in Germany, because he wrote with simplicity and interest, and possessed the great art of accommodating his style to all classes of society.

POETRY.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

To a Female Friend in a distant Country—suggested by reading the lines of Moore's song, "Sweetest Love, I'll not forget thee."

Forget thee! Hence the cold insulting thought;
The heart that beats with Friendship's generous pulse
Could ne'er have given it birth—Love may forget,
When appetite is pall'd, or frenzy cools—
To thee, alone, sweet Friendship! is reserv'd 5
The praise of pure celestial constancy,
Of love incorporeal, sense of soul,
By time, enjoyment, misery, unallay'd:
The flame, that in thy sacred bosom glows
Constant and chaste as Vesta's sacred fire, 10
Needs not the torch of beauty to revive
Its never dying warmth—while passion flies
The couch, on which the pale distorted form,
The wreck of beauty once so much ador'd,
Neglected lies; Friendship obeys the call 15
Of generous feeling and humanity,
Supports the helpless pillow of disease,
Cools, with her tears, the fever's raging heat,
Charms, with her seraph smile, the torturing pang,
And breathes a sigh more healthful than the breeze 20
That wafts the fragrance of the balmy heath.
The birth of Love is in the fever'd blood
That swells the passions of impetuous youth;
Its food, the charm that lurks within the eye,
Or smiles upon the young and blooming cheek: 25
But Friendship is the child of sympathy,
The kindest gift of Heav'n to wretched man,
And lives upon the smile of gratitude,
Which simply thus repays the debt it owes—
Love, like a comet, blazes for a time, 30
And rages with intemperate, dangerous heat;
But, when the burning visit once is o'er,
It waives to regions of cold ice:
While Friendship, like a milder planet, shines,
A constant satellite, a cheering star, 35
To comfort and to light the darker hours
Of solitary gloom and midnight fear.
Forget thee! no, my Friend; altho' the hour,
That brings to me the cheerful sight of morn,
Gives to thy sight the sun's departing beams; 40
Thou' far, alas! remov'd, in distant climes,
Yet Friendship's sympathy will whisper thee
The fervent wish that folds thee to my heart
In fancied rapture; and will tell to me,
Dearest of Friends! each fondest thought of thine. 45

FINE ARTS.

ON THE INTENDED PUBLIC MONUMENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—When a Monument is about to be erected for the professed purpose of transmitting to posterity a correct idea of the genius, the taste, and the power of a great nation; the Artist, on whom this important task shall be laid, should endeavour to divest himself of the accidental prejudices of his age, and to give to his production a permanent expression, founded on the constitution of man and of nature. Its form, its ornaments, and its general character ought to indicate its fitness to the end proposed, and ought to be capable of exciting the admiration and respect of future ages.

If it be desirable that we should have a copy of one of the most celebrated productions of antiquity, to form the

The Editors of some periodical papers, who appear delighted with the idea of the copy of a Grecian Temple being raised upon Primrose Hill, would be shocked at the idea of ornamenting it with copies of Grecian sculpture; and still more so, if it should be decided that

taste of British artists, it certainly should not be erected on this occasion.—Is our country so destitute of genius that she has not wherewithal to celebrate the valour of her sons?—If not, why need she stoop to copy the productions of a Grecian artist!—why borrow the means of commemorating her victories, and perpetuate the disgraceful obligation?

It is wonderful, that men, who have taste enough to admire the noble and chaste simplicity of Grecian architecture, should not be able to see the inconsistency of transplanting a Grecian Temple to commemorate a British victory!—to see that what was perfectly adapted to the climate, the manners, the habits, and the religion of Greece, is totally unfit for the banks of the Thames.

Now, when a great occasion has occurred to draw forth the latent powers of British genius, it would be very proper to point out the chaste and simple forms of Grecian architecture as fit objects of imitation.—But to what good purpose would it tend, to recommend the servile imitation of any particular building, however high it might rank as a work of art? Are not our very dwelling-houses already beginning to assume the character of Grecian temples, and what might we not expect to see templified, if such servile imitators had such an example before them? There can be little doubt respecting the influence such a choice would have on the public taste:—it would soon enable the mere mechanical copyist to raise himself, in the general opinion, to the same level with the original artist; and the natural consequence would be, that all that is worthy of the name of art would be neglected. The stimulus to exertion would be destroyed; and any person tolerably conversant with Grecian antiquities, and who, with the assistance of Stuart, has grown familiar with the most minute peculiarities of Grecian form—though destitute of genius and insensible of the true nature and excellence of the art—would be enabled to usurp the province of the original artist; and instead of giving to useful objects, the most beautiful and appropriate forms—all that ought to be comfortable or convenient in a modern English mansion, would be crowded without order or arrangement into the form of a Grecian temple.

The venerable forms of antiquity are the paintings for it must be copies of some of the old masters. Then indeed they would be sensible of the disgraceful reflection cast on British artists: but if Architecture be not placed without the sphere of their critical abilities; certainly the case of Architects is not within that of their sensibility.

rendered sacred to us by a thousand associations which would tend to disarm the shafts of impartial criticism, "they derive their origin from those times, and were the ornament of those countries which are most hallowed in our imaginations; and it is difficult for us to see them, even in their modern copies, without feeling them operate on our minds as relics of those polished nations." But is nothing less than the architectural genius of Britain an acceptable sacrifice to this fascinating power—this superstitious idolatry?

As two monuments are to be erected, one of them might be in the Grecian, the other in the English style of architecture—not copies from either style; but the application of their fundamental principles to the production of original designs—in character with the state of knowledge, the religion, and the manners of the age in which we live.

If either style has a claim to the preference, it certainly is the English; for what style can be so fit to perpetuate those memorable times, as that which owes its origin to the genius and taste of our ancestors? "The men who had not the happiness of lighting on the simplicity and proportion of the Greek orders, were however so lucky as to strike out a thousand graces and effects, which rendered their buildings magnificent, yet genteel; vast, yet light, venerable and picturesque. It is difficult for the noblest Grecian temple to convey half so many impressions to the mind, as a cathedral does of the best Gothic (English) taste:—a proof of skill in the architects, and of address in the priests who erected them;" they exhibit a knowledge of what is most profound in the science and practice of building, that led to a boldness of execution of which classical antiquity furnishes no example. I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c. D—t.

* We beg to call the attention of our readers to this sensible and eloquent paper. We differ somewhat, indeed, from our valued Correspondent, as to the influence which the imitation of Grecian forms is likely to have on public taste. Imitation has not the fatal influence which he supposes; all education implies imitation; and the imitation of Grecian art in particular, can never be otherwise than salutary. Grecism in art is only another name for ideal purity. And can the artist err in perpetually imitating it? Is any other object worthy of his adoration? If any be, is it the barbarous impurity, the florid frivolity, the mere surprise resulting from vastness of structure and misuteness of detail which Gothic architecture exhibits?—But we thank our Correspondent for so well presenting to our readers one, and that an interesting, view of this important question.—ED.

* Alison.

* Walpole.

PAINTING.

EXHIBITION OF OIL AND WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS IN SPAIN GARDENS. (Continued.)

"Michaelmas Dinner," by Mr. James Holmes, is painted in water colours, with great force and brilliancy. It possesses much excellence of drawing, character, and disposition. The story is told with chaste humour; and the execution wrought up to the transparency and depth of a fine Flemish cabinet picture. This artist's miniature portrait of Lord Byron is coloured and marked in a fine taste; but rather too young for that nobleman. Why does not Mr. Holmes paint in oil? Mr. GEORGE BARRETT'S landscapes from nature, in water colours, have, without any manner, the fine breadth and delicious repose which have long characterised his works. He excels in painting sun and air. His "Boy with Sheep," is a particular effect of light and colour; executed in oil, with great glow and power: but the pencilling is somewhat hard; the principal group of trees in the centre not sufficiently illuminated; and rather of a heavy unpicturesque form. We lately noticed the bold poetical imagination in Mr. C. F. Fielding's grand landscape of the Lake of Averno, from Virgil, in the British Institution. He has added to his reputation, by his mountainous view in Merionethshire, in this exhibition; a picture painted in a noble style; with great freedom, freshness, and spirited opposition of colouring. But this artist, with much elevation of fancy, and a fine classical taste, falls sometimes into a slovenly execution. 95: His "scene from Ariosto," is grandly composed; but slurred over with a ragged, careless pencil, in many parts. The sky, in particular, looks as if brushed in with the heterogeneous leavings of a dirty palette. His drawings in water, although sometimes too negligent, possess a variety of merits; but we can only notice here, 345, "a view on the Thames;" and 170 "a mountainous scene in Caernarvonshire;" the latter combining much grandeur of prospect, with a magical freedom of handling. Miss GOULD-SMITH has several tasteful studies from nature. We have long admired this lady's happy selections of village and cottage scenery. There is a gentle charm and unobtrusive feeling in the disposition of her objects. Her works are free from false shadows. Her colouring has the pleasing freshness of English landscape: her light is broadly diffused, and her air-tints are generally clear and true. But her pictures sometimes want force, and are not always sufficiently toned. A little more glazing would enrich her effect; give more solidity to her masses; and add another attraction to her agreeable performances. Mr. Linnel's small portraits are painted with considerable force, and a careful study of nature: but an opener light would essentially contribute to their relief; and the introduction of some pearly middle tints in his flesh, to their lightness and harmony. There is an anxious idea of colour in his small landscapes; but they are coarsely blurred in, and too undefined in the touch. "91. A fall of timber," by this young artist, displays a very vigorous sense of local character. The sky is painted in a

cool, sober tone, with spirited breaks of light and gleams of azure. The whole scene evinces a warm feeling; an identity so true and so near an approach to nature, that this picture, in its class, has no superior in the exhibition. As a close view, in oil, it has no competitor; and in all that relates to colour, possesses uncommon solemnity, depth, and transparency, with much fine original thinking. The figures are cleverly grouped and painted with spirit; but rather too vague in some important details; and, although the pencilling is free, a greater degree of sweetness would not detract from its merits. A vigilant study of the academy figure, and a judicious examination of the touch in the works of Hobbema or Jacob Ruysdael, would be of much advantage to Mr. Linnel. Mr. ROSSON'S landscapes are in water colours, and shew much tasteful selection and varied powers of fancy. There is a bold pencilling, great force of colouring, and harmony in his best performances; but he has to correct a strong tendency to a gay manner, violent oppositions, and false effect; for example, Nos. 17, 21, and 236, require to be toned in many parts, and the masses, in 232, are artificial and very meretricious. This gentleman has a number of admirable performances, of which we can only notice a few. 277. *Imogen* entering the cave, is a picturesque composition of great depth. There is a grandeur approaching to sublimity in 284, the heath scene from Macbeth. 227 is an exquisite gem; 292 very brilliant; and 15, 16, and 22, are charming drawings, in a sober, broad style.

Mr. W. Turner (of Oxford) is a colourist of high rank. There is a great power in his masses, and his landscapes bear strong evidence of his attention to nature. He is fond of particular or accidental gleams of light; and, in his best pictures, he paints them with great excellence; of which No. 28, a View from Wynd Cliff, with a storm passing off, is an instance. But there is a danger of being betrayed into a habit of sacrificing truth and falling into heaviness, by constantly preferring particular to general nature. Whatever comes from this artist's hand bears the bold stamp of original genius; but we conceive that his pictures two or three years ago, with an opener light, were full as favorable specimens of his abilities. His view of Windsor Castle, last year, was rich in sunlight; had a prodigious power of colouring and a glorious tone. Another picture, which hung the year before in the corner close to where Mr. Glover's Tame Bull stands this year, had also a surprising effect. We have always spoken of that landscape with delight. Its dark, deep, dewy verdure; the lustre of its emerald greens; its woods and hills and waters; with the spirit of light, the living Day itself moving over the heavens, are still before us. In this exhibition, Nos. 75 and 76, Evening and Sun-rise, by this artist, are grandly conceived; but the pencilling of some of his pictures is formal; and what is termed "leathery;" his shadows inclined to opacity, and his light unduly condensed. In No. 80, Bagley Wood, there is an astonishing depth of colour and effect; but some of this force is produced by an

undue suppression of light and false depth of shadow. There is also a want of freedom in the handling, which takes somewhat away from the beauty of this extraordinary picture. The correct and classical designs of Mr. Uwins have been so widely diffused by the engravers, that it is not necessary to detail the beauties of his smaller drawings. There is a simple and natural grace in No. 256, A girl plaiting straw; 281, The girl in Mother Ludlam's cave; and 231, Nobody coming to marry me; by this artist. These drawings are executed in water colours, in a pure taste, with great spirit and clearness; but some of the subordinate details, in the back grounds, are too distinctly outlined. Nos. 142 and 143, miniature portraits, by Mr. Uwins, are correctly drawn on paper, although somewhat dry in the pencilling and deficient in tone. W. C.

EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

This annual display of the works of the British artists, opened on Monday last, and contains in the mass of laborious mediocrity, a sufficient shew of genius to maintain the honor of the British school. We are concerned to notice that some artists of distinguished reputation, who are in the full enjoyment of public favor, have, in too many instances, fallen below the mark, by which they obtained their rank. Some, who owe every thing to a study of nature, have turned their back upon her: but we are happy to observe that others have risen from unnoticed effort, to honorable distinction. Although we have twice visited the rooms, we are at present restrained by our limits to a brief preliminary notice of a few prominent features. The most conspicuous part of the principal room is unfortunately occupied by some very undeserving pictures. The portraits of the Prince of Saxe Cobourg and of his Royal Consort, although painted by an artist of merit and great private worth, are so destitute of all the requisites of art, that they may be fairly pronounced a disgrace to the walls on which they hang. These two cold, tasteless, ill-drawn and ill-painted pictures, are accompanied by a portrait of the Grand Duke Nicolas, which is, if possible, still more flat and frigid, although the work of an esteemed artist. The whole length of Lieutenant General Lord Lyndoch, which is beset by these three, is also a very inferior specimen of an eminent artist's ability. The features are feebly marked; the head altogether without relief, and in a poor style; the thighs clumsy, and the entire picture with its three accompaniments, forms a sorry spectacle in the national Exhibition. The whole length of Colonel Anderson, by another admired artist, has a degree of tasteful elegance in the outline and attitude; but it is still more remarkable for an opposition of colour, bordered by a bloodless face and a pair of boots of blood-red crimson. The whole length of that upright magistrate and accomplished, amiable gentleman, the late Noel Clark Munday, Esq. of Derbyshire, has very little of his mild dignity, and much raw, red colour in the cheeks, which he had not. The whole length of Lord Exmouth, is a tame, ill drawn figure. A

Widow Wadman might suppose, that this gallant commander had received a wound like that of my Uncle Toby; and was obliged to have his body bolstered, below the waist, with half a dozen bandages of flannel. Having a conviction that the advancement or decline of the British school depends upon the merits or demerits of its annual exhibitions, we have reluctantly discharged a public duty, in the above observations; with a full and cordial compliment to the separate and general merits of the Painters, whose works are the subject of our observations.

We discharge a much more pleasing duty, in noticing that there are in this exhibition, a number of portraits by *Lawrence, Phillips, Shee, Owen, Raeburn, and Jackson*, which in the essentials of grace, taste, elegance, spirit, strong intellectual truth of nature, and exquisite mellowness of colouring proudly maintain the reputation of these artists. We shall remark in detail upon their excellence hereafter. *Harlow's* "Court for the trial of Queen Catherine" combines some fine portraits of the Kemble Family, and other public characters, with many striking felicities of colour, execution and composition, which overbalance a few inaccuracies in the drawing. *Drummond's* portrait of C. Phillips; and *Cooley's* Lieutenant General Meyrick, have sterling merit. Mr. A. Geddes has several charming small whole lengths; and Mr. Glover some small portraits in a fine taste. West has three historical pictures, painted with all the vigor of his early pencil; and *Stothard* four compositions rich in grace and beauty. *Fuseli* has some daring compositions, in which the power of his earthly hand has not in vain attempted to embody the wild grandeur and terrific sublimity of his conceptions. *Thomson's* Cupid and Ganymede, is a composition full of feeling, elegance and beauty. The Eastern character is strongly marked in *William Allan's* Scotch Artist's Tartar Robbers. *James Ward* has a horse full of fire; and some other animal pictures painted with great truth and force of colour. *Cooper* has made a wonderful stride and reached an enviable excellence. Taste, feeling, truth of nature, sobriety, the delicacies and spirit of a pure and solid execution, mark his performances. *Hoffland* has a chaste, classical landscape composition: *Constable's* river scene, in very improved style. *William Collins*, in local landscape, with a particular effect of hour and season, stands this year at the top of the British School. His sun-rise, and fishermen coming ashore before sun-rise, have not a competitor in the Rooms. Mr. J. M. W. Turner has an ideal composition upon a large scale, "The decline of the Carthaginian Empire." It is altogether, an invention of his own; painted in the very gayest manner of his latter colouring: a daring display of splendid hues, by an artist of great genius and practical power, to whom nature has been so liberal that he ought not even by trying the brilliant experiment of a moment, to lose scent of her, lest, in her turn she may lose sight of him. There are some excellent miniatures, architectural drawings and designs for national monuments to be

noticed hereafter. With a full sense of the beauties and defects of *Canova's* marbles, we feel a proud conviction that the best works of *Chantry, Flaxman* and *Nollekens* will rather obtain than lose ground, by a comparison. *Chenu's*, *Kendrite's*, and *Gibson's* sculpture deserve remembrance. W. C.

ARCHITECTURE.

EDIFICE AT POMPEII.

Naples, 10th April.—The excavations at Pompeii afford daily more interesting results. Since the discovery of the Temple, (of which we gave an account in our 10th Number,) there has been discovered a rectangular public edifice, 260 palms in length and 120 in breadth, and a portico of 50 columns in the interior. This edifice is ornamented with fine paintings, some of which are very remarkable. The pavement is Mosaic, partly composed of small stones, white and coloured, and partly of large squares of marble of different colours. A great many inscriptions have been found, which will show for what purpose this vast edifice was employed. One of them indicates that the right *luminum obstruendum* (a right established by the Roman law, preventing, in certain cases, neighbouring proprietors from having lights or prospects over the contiguous estates,) had been purchased at the price of several thousand sesterces. The learned will soon communicate to us the result of their researches. These discoveries are also highly interesting to the admirers of Sculpture. Among the statues found here, are a Venus, 5 palms high, and a Hermaphrodite, which deserve to be ranked very high, among the few master-pieces of Grecian art, which have come down to us. These fine statues are to be placed in the Royal Bourbon Museum. Lastly, there have been found in the same place two arms of bronze, ornamented with bracelets, (Armillae.) The Chevalier Ardit, who has already performed such great services, makes us hope that the whole space will soon be uncovered, and it is expected to prove a rich mine of works of art.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—ITALIAN OPERA.

THE NEW OPERA.—IL SBAGLIO FORTUNATO.

The interest excited by *Il Don Giovanni* remains as undiminished as it is unparalleled in the annals of the King's Theatre. The musical public cannot resist the temptation of hearing again that which afforded them such delight, and as the Opera has become the general topic of conversation in the polite circles, fashion contributes in no small degree to the constant succession of full houses. Hence, were it not for the benefits which have just commenced, we might perhaps expect but little further novelty in the musical department, during the remainder of the season.

Madame Fodor's benefit on Thursday last afforded this change of performances by producing no less than two Operas on the same evening, viz. Mayer's celebrated Opera *Il fanatico per la Musica*, compressed into one

act, and an entirely new Opera called *Il Sbaglio fortunato*, (the fortunate mistake) composed by Mr. Ferrari, of whose abilities, during his long residence in London, the British public have had numerous specimens. His *Eroina di Raab*, an Opera composed a few years ago for Madame Catalani's benefit, will be in the recollection of many of our readers. It has been published, and in our opinion deserves to be more generally known.

As the Opera of *Il fanatico per la Musica* from its frequent repetition has become familiar to every visitor of the King's Theatre, we shall only observe that Mr. Naldi, in his favorite character of the Musical Baron, completely delighted the audience. We never saw this gentleman to greater advantage, his performance was a perfect copy from nature. *Angrisan*, as *Biacroma*, likewise evinced much comic humour and spirit.

The part of *Aristea*, acted by Madame Fodor, requires no common vocal abilities, of the possession of which to an eminent degree, she gave greater proofs than on any former occasion. Her songs were embellished with numerous passages and cadences of the most delicate and correct execution, and in the Solfege Duet with Mr. Naldi, she not only shewed all the accomplishments of a good school, but also that chasteness of dramatic action and fine feeling which have not a little contributed to render her a favorite on the boards of the King's Theatre.

The plot of the new Opera (*Il Sbaglio fortunato*) as far as we have been able to collect it, is in substance as follows: *Fioretta* (*Madame Fodor*) the daughter of *Cromaziano*, a rich farmer (*Angrisan*) is betrothed to a country gentleman, Don Quirino (*Naldi*) whom neither of them have ever seen. The action commences with *Cromaziano's* receiving a letter from Don Quirino informing him that he had set out on his way to *Cromaziano's* estate, in order to see and judge of his bride before he marries her. The farmer immediately gives strict injunctions to his daughter, to *Vespina* (*Madame Pasta*) her maid, and to all the servants, to receive the stranger with due honours. At this time, *Armando* (*Begret*) a young nobleman on his travels, happens to make his accidental appearance, is taken for Don Quirino by the whole family, and *Fioretta* instantly is smitten with his charms. *Armando* is too much of a gentleman not to undeceive at least the young lady, between whom and her maid a scheme is planned for disgusting D. Quirino with the match when he arrives: *Fioretta* personates the maid, who in her turn assumes the character of her mistress, and with it, a vile temper. (Of this transformation, although happening under his eyes, old *Cromaziano* is supposed to be perfectly ignorant.)—Don Quirino now arrives under the feigned name of *Orazio Quaglia*, and the first thing he beholds, is a horse-whipping bestowed on a servant by his supposed bride, which has its full effect as a damper. On the other hand the beauty and modesty of the pretended maid instantly lay hold of his heart; he asks the maid in

marriage from her master, and obtains Cromaziano's consent. But when Vespina, the real maid-servant, is brought forward to him as the bride he desired, he shrinks with disgust at the idea of marrying such a shrew, and his anger is roused when he hears that Fioretta, on whom his heart is bent, is promised to Armando, the supposed D. Quirino. — Resolved to quit instantly a family, by whom he has been so shamefully duped, a post-chaise is ordered, and brought on the stage. Before he steps in, however, Armando appears with the rest of the actors and explains both to D. Quirino and Cromaziano the stratagem which occasioned all the confusion and disappointment. Both take the *éclaircissement* with infinite good temper, and Don Quirino resigns his pretensions on Fioretta, who with the consent of her father gives her hand to Armando.

We give this sketch such as we could make it out under occasional obscurities and doubts, which a second representation might possibly remove. As a poem, this Opera is not above mediocrity: it is frequently dull in its progress; what wit and jokes it contains are of the common order without point; some attempts at humour, indeed, are offensive, especially the horse-whip song of Mr. Deville, which deservedly received some marks of disapprobation from the audience. The dialogue, also, of which there is an overabundance, in proportion with the songs, is upon the whole heavy and tedious, and ought to be curtailed.

In speaking of the music of this opera we ought to bear in mind, that on the one hand the circumstance of its having been expressly composed for the present occasion entitles the author to some modification in our expectations, while on the other, the colossal productions of Mozart's genius, which seem to have taken full possession of the King's Theatre, have rendered our spoiled children of over nice appetite. Their overweening effect on our ears, cannot therefore have a favourable influence on our judgment of new compositions, however meritorious. With these considerations in view, we deem Mr. Ferrari's present labour creditable. The style of the music is completely Italian, as may be supposed; it is pleasing without exhibiting much originality of conception. Many of the melodies are agreeable, and the instrumental accompaniments, full, effective, and fancifully diversified. In the Overture, pretty as it is, we perceived nothing striking, nothing beyond a common Sinfonia. Among the songs, the first of Madame Fodor's, *Brilla nel seno un giubilo*, excited much interest; it is a fine composition, particularly attractive at the words, *parsi che al nuovo*, &c; which are set with great feeling. That lady's duet with Signor Begrez, in the same scene, is equally meritorious, and the *duo* part, *Giusto Amor*, beautiful. Mr. Naldi's long comic song (Se. v.) is defective in musical humour, and therefore dull. The trio in the next scene, *Deh! tu seconda*, appeared to us the best piece in the Opera: taste and good scientific arrangement are predominantly conspicuous in it. Its repetition was called for. The omission of the horse-whip song will be no musical loss. In the 6th scene

a pretty, lively trio, with a waltz *motivo*, met with decided applause. The finale is upon the whole not particularly striking, but it contains a *tutti part* (*Questo caso in aspettato*) which demands our unqualified praise.

The exertions of the performers were meritorious, although some appeared defective in the study of their parts. Madame Fodor and Mr. Naldi distinguished themselves above the rest; the former especially made every effort to do justice to the composer, and to please her numerous friends in the house. Madame Pasta might have given more effect to the piece by a stronger conception and execution of the assumed character of a shrew assigned to her.

At the conclusion of the piece, the applause was mixed with some marks of disapprobation. The House was not a bumper, but sufficiently filled, we think, to render the benefit productive.

DRURY LANE.—On Saturday last, a new Comedy, in four Acts, called *The Touchstone*, was brought out at this Theatre. Its second title, "The World as it goes,"—professes merely to show, that if Prosperity creates many followers under the fashionable name of friends, Misfortune tries and scatters them. We shall give an outline of the plot in our next communication, and shall briefly observe here, that a fable, which turns upon so old and general a course of circumstances, cannot be expected to contain many very striking novelties. The incidents are, however, neither very improbable nor hacknied. The dialogue is neat and easy; free from pun and common-place; and enlivened with a happy vein of pleasantry, which kept the house in constant good humour. The piece is well cast; and the effective points so well delivered by the actors, as to excite the frequent risibility of the audience. The comic humour of Messrs. HARLEY, OXBERRY, and HUGHES, was productive of much merriment. Mr. Harley is a spirited, lively performer, whom we always see with pleasure; but he certainly would be more felt, if he had somewhat less pantomimic trick and bustle. Between *extravagance* and *tameness*, he has talents to find the mean. Downton's part did not afford him much scope; but his eye, his gesture, his frank tones, enriched it with the true colouring of nature. Mrs. Alsop's arch and hoydenish vivacity was very amusing; and Miss Kelly's rustic simplicity received much applause: but we conceive that the homeliness of this admirable actress's dress was rather in an extreme, too much below the level of a well-educated lover, like Paragon, and unbecoming to the light and agreeable turn of her figure. Even in the dress of the plainest rustic, there is a *taste*, which marks the difference between the neatness of a handsome village girl, and unsightly meanness. Mrs. Harlow's character lost nothing by her performance. The piece went off with great spirit, and was given out for repetition with unanimous approbation. The prologue, which was not much calculated to set the galleries in a roar, modestly disclaimed all high pretensions on the part of the author, and was well delivered by Mr. S.

Penley. There was a tolerable seasoning of raillery in the Epilogue, to which Mrs. Alsop gave much sprightly effect. An allusion to her mother, in the last line, produced an affecting change in her voice and manner; in which the Audience testified their sympathy, by a long and soothing peal of applause. The author, surely, might have spared Mrs. Alsop that allusion!

COVENT-GARDEN.—On last Saturday night a new tragedy called the Apostate, written by Mr. Shiel, a gentleman of the Irish bar, was performed for the first time, at COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The scene is in Spain, during the reign of Philip the Second; and the first act opens in Grenada. Hemeya (C. Kemble) the heir of the Moorish Kings, enters with his friends, Hamet and Haly; and they endeavour to rouse him to a sense of the wrongs of the Moors. He states their hopeless condition; avows his love for Florinda (Miss O'Neill) the daughter of Count Alvarez, (Mr. Murray) a Spanish nobleman, and his despair at her being engaged to Pescara, (Mr. Macready) the governor of Grenada. The castle of Count Alvarez takes fire. He vows to give his daughter and fortune to whoever will rescue her. Hemeya makes his way through the burning palace to her chamber, and bears her swooning into the gardens of the castle, where she confesses her love. Her father joins their hands. Pescara produces a royal decree forbidding any Moor to marry a christian woman under the penalty of death, unless he first abjures the Moorish creed. Count Alvarez demands of Hemeya an immediate abjuration; and on his refusal is about to call down a curse upon his daughter if she does not give up her lover; she submits, prays for Hemeya's conversion and retires. Malu, (Mr. Young) prevails upon Hemeya to remain firm in the Moorish creed. Florinda again shakes his constancy; and Malu attempts to stab her, but falters from his purpose. Alvarez retires with Hemeya to prepare for his abjuration. The conspiring Moors are assembled, and Hemeya, in a Spanish dress, informs them he is sent by Pescara, in friendship, to apprise Malu that the inquisitors are coming to seize him. Malu commands the Moors to retire from the danger, but, with the same power to retreat, most unaccountably remains to be taken himself. The inquisitors rush in headed by Pescara. Malu defies the king's authority. They charge him with an attempt to seduce a Moorish convert, (Hemeya) but add, that he may escape death by becoming a christian. He refuses, and is led off. Hemeya and Pescara fight; Florinda rushes between them and Pescara retires. Hemeya vows to save Malu or perish. Before he goes, she swears to him, that she will die sooner than become the wife of Pescara. A procession of the inquisitors, with Malu in chains on his way to execution, appears. Hemeya, in disguise, follows him and receives from Malu an expression of his love and forgiveness, for Hemeya. Pescara flies to repel an attack upon his guards. Hamet and Haly enter supporting Malu, who had been rescued; and Malu and Haly fly from Grenada with Flo-

rinda. Hemeya being left alone to defend the pass and afford time for their escape, is taken; and Florinda retaken. Pescara promises her Hemeya's life and freedom on condition of her marrying him that evening. She pleads her solemn vow never to marry him. He calls Gómez to drag Hemeya to prison. The fifth act opens with a moonlight view of Grenada; and the Moors from the Alpuxena mountains, headed by Malu and Haly, hastening to rescue Hemeya. Florinda enters Hemeya's prison, in bridal garments, and declares that to save his life she has become the wife of Pescara. She urges her lover to fly. Hemeya reproaches her with the breach of her vow; and having married his mortal enemy. Pescara enters, listening; and, in breach of his promise, orders Hemeya to immediate death. The executioners seize him. An alarm proclaims the attack by the Moors. Pescara attempts to stab Florinda. Hemeya breaks loose; wrests the dagger from Pescara, and stabs him. The victorious Moors rush in. Florinda declares that she had "poured a deadly poison within her veins" before her marriage. Hemeya stabs himself with Pescara's dagger; and his death is immediately followed by that of Florinda.

A plot, founded upon the story of two lovers in distress, and the wrongs of an oppressed people struggling for liberty, affords room for a strong appeal to our best passions; and we might have had much to applaud in the agents. Unfortunately, the strength of the appeal is made to our bad passions; we have much to abhor in Pescara and the Inquisition, and little to applaud in the other principal characters. Their want of virtuous feeling, their continual wavering and breach of solemn duties, deprive them of our respect and pity. They are not consistent with nature or with themselves. Alvarez exercises a supreme paternal authority, without having the genuine tenderness of a father. Although ignorant of the state of his daughter's affections, he makes a solemn vow to bestow her unconditionally in marriage upon whoever would rescue her. Without consulting her feelings, he, at once, gives her hand to Hemeya, her preserver. He thus solemnly contracts her to him: induces her by word and deed to contract herself to her lover; and thereby acquires a knowledge of her former love for him. Immediately after, upon the receipt of the King's decree, regardless of her love, and of his own vow and contract, he, at once, breaks off from Hemeya; and by threatening her with his curse, induces her to break her word and contract with her lover and preserver. All those who condemn Philip's tyrannical decree must have applauded a paternal attempt of the Count to remonstrate in favor of the contract entered into by him and his daughter, before the royal prohibition. Even a reluctant submission would have been some support to his character. He might have pleaded his solemn vow; his daughter's love and the danger of losing his only child by grief and disappointment. But his is an uncomplaining, instant, tame acquiescence: a prompt surrender of his vow to God; a violation of his contract to her lover, and an unhesitating sacrifice of

her happiness. His insisting upon Hemeya's becoming a Christian against his conscience, merely for the gratification of his passion, does not attenuate his breach of vow; and is equally repugnant to a sense of religion and social honor. He is altogether destitute of elevation and manliness, and is as passive in his submission to the insulting anger and threats of the ignoble upstart, Pescara, as to the arbitrary edict of his Sovereign. Florinda also has few claims on our esteem. When no other has the courage to attempt her rescue, the man, whom she loves, Hemeya, unconscious of her passion and hopeless of obtaining her hand, snatches her from the flames, at the imminent risk of his own life. Her father gives her hand with her consent, and acknowledgement of her love, to her preserver. She is thus given and contracted by love, gratitude, and a solemn act, to her lover and preserver; and is, herself, at once the gift, a willing party and agent in that gift and contract. After all these recent ties, in consistency with her supposed violent love, her feelings of gratitude and just sense of honor, we might have expected some display of tenderness; some struggles of grief; and wild efforts of affection, to soothe her father into a petition to the throne, in behalf of herself and her lover. But she, at once, breaks off from her preserver, seconds her father's request to him, to obtain her hand by apostatising from the creed of his conscience, and abandons him with a very sober and pious prayer for his conversion. It would be idle to attribute this desertion of her lover to her love; or at least, if we can suppose her to have a passion for his fine person, we must, in candour, acquit her of any love for his honor or his mind. We cannot fairly esteem the desertion an act of true filial obedience; or a conscientious dislike to the creed of Mahomet; a zealous attachment to Christianity, or a firmness resting upon the base of virtue, for she had consented, without scruple, to marry the Moor and his Mahometanism, the moment her Father placed her hand in his; nor can we applaud her prompt consent to marry the Moor, as any proof of her religious liberality; for she feels no compassion, when Malu, her lover's long-tried friend, is sentenced to torture and death for his brave adherence to the Moorish religion, and the cause of his country. She suggests no generous effort, no bold stratagem in his favor; she even expresses a horrid joy that it is not her lover, but her lover's friend who is to suffer; and dissuades Hemeya from attempting to rescue his unhappy friend! In all this we look in vain for the generous feeling, the affecting and fearless enthusiasm, with which a noble-minded woman, inspired by love and surrounded by peril, sets an example of disinterested heroism, to our more selfish sex. We can but feebly compassionate a woman, who has no pity for a brave man, perishing in the grasp of Oppression. Love, which in the breast of a virtuous female, in a desperate crisis, produces the most sublime virtues, only renders Florinda callous to the sufferings of others, without impelling her to brave every thing

for a union with her lover. The master-passion furnishes her with no other expedient to bring about her marriage with him but his apostatising. Desdemona saw the noble mind of Othello in his dark visage, and it is our sense of this admirable combination of loveliness and virtuous passion, which wrings the heart with so many pangs at her unmerited death. But Florinda, to obtain her lover, is eager to render him base, black, and dishonoured as a deserter from his religion and country;—she is contented to have him any how, so as she can but have him. Yet the supposition of her violent love is contradicted by her conduct; she is free through the four first acts to fly from Pescara with Hemeya; but she does not attempt to fly until it becomes impracticable. Notwithstanding her high rank, the author has left her to wander alone through the whole piece, that is, without any female relation, friend or attendant. She appears, at all times and places, without the common protection, which family pride, the custom of rank and decorum of society, afford to young ladies of her rank and condition. Thus wholly free; in love; betrothed to her lover; cruelly forbid to marry him; yet left to visit and hold communion with him; what other young lady would not have obeyed the impulse of her passion by flight and marriage with her lover? If we could esteem her forbearance an act of virtuous adherence to her father and country, she deprives herself of that esteem, after the Moors had taken arms against Grenada, by flying with them, *most unlike a lady in love, and leaving her lover behind, fighting alone against the Governor and garrison of that hostile city!* Her breach of vow, by marrying his deadly enemy to save her lover's life, is not palliated by the supposed motive; for what but an anguish and a punishment could life be to Hemeya after her loss? Nor by her suicide, for the commission of one crime cannot extenuate the commission of another. Finally, after having opposed the interests of her love, while she had the power to promote her marriage with her lover; she commits a perjury, marries a man she detests, and poisons herself, to preserve a life of misery to Hemeya. Suicide was a virtue among Pagans; but, now-a-days, is only execrative of disgust and horror. The last acts of her life, perjury and self-murder, with her former readiness to marry the Moor and his Mahometanism, would indicate that passion, not religion or moral duty, is the director of her actions. Yet, by a palpable contradiction, love, the supposed master-passion of her breast, does not direct her to a practicable union with her lover during the four first acts of the piece. After all, without any estimable principle, she herself is the main obstacle to his happiness, and the cause of his violent death. The effect of Malu's heroic constancy is impaired by his unnecessary and wilful temerity in remaining to be taken by the Spaniards, when he had the same power of escape as his associates. Yet upon this artificial and silly basis rests the whole distress of the Drama: for Hemeya is captured in Malu's rescue;

and this capture produces Florinda's breach of vow, guilty marriage, and suicide: which in their turn cause Hemeya to destroy himself. A captain rarely chooses to be made prisoner, because it is possible that a common soldier may be captured. To make a danger certain to-day, because it may occur hereafter, is neither a wise nor ordinary practice. Hemeya's courageous rescue of Florinda from the flames, and of Malu from execution, with his choosing to play the part of *Horatius Cocles*, by unnecessarily and madly remaining to combat singly against a whole host, are forgotten in his apostasy. The author himself has thrown the crimes of *Pescara* into shade; and given Hemeya the first and highest claim to detestation, by branding him with the title of the *Apostate*, a character which reason, education, religion and custom, teach us to shun and hold in abhorrence. The impression upon the spectator is not that of admiration and pity for suffering virtue; but of hatred and horror at the grand inquisitor and the inquisition. These latter feelings are so general and so just, and it requires so little talent to put them into motion, that it is no great compliment to say an author has excited them. The piece possesses few bold flights of imagination, or burning sallies of passion. The language is often obscure and feeble; not very remarkable for vigor, and still less for purity. It has some strange anomalies of expression, which flow from the same source as its anomalies of character and action. The scenery and decorations possess uncommon splendor and beauty. The exquisite grace and pathetic powers of *Miss O'Neill*, combined with the able exertions of *Young*, *Macready*, and *Charles Kemble*, carried it through with general approbation; but its interest in the closet is so very confused, that we dare not venture to predict its immortality. W. C.

FRENCH MANNERS.

(*Mœurs Françaises.*)

By M. Jouy.

Mont de Marsan, 15th Feb. 1817.

Bene qui latuit, bene vixit. OVID. EL. 4.

Best lives the man who knows to live unknown.

After an excellent dinner, my host ordered olives to be brought, and a bottle of very old wine of Chalosse, which we drank at our ease, successively relating to each other the history of our lives. — "These are strange adventures," (said the solitary after I had given him a succinct account of the principal events of my life:) "mine are not romantic, but you will see however that fortune has not dispensed me from feeling her caprice, and that I know how to appreciate a world from which I have irrevocably retired."

"At the age of 10 years I had quitted the town of Albret where I was born, if I may call by the name of town the assemblage of cottages which you see yonder. On leaving the college of La Marche, where I made good progress in my studies, I entered the French guards, as sub-Lieutenant; the revolution commenced under the happiest auspices; and I indulged in all the hopes

which it so lavishly held out, without departing from those military duties which honor imposed on me, and to which I had more than once nearly fallen a victim. With a resignation which perhaps was not without merit, in a man of my age and country, I made those sacrifices of vanity, which our new laws required; I had lost, with a good grace, a little of which I was not proud, and some feudal rights which did not make me richer; but being a friend to rational liberty, the liberty cherished by a Mounier, a Lally-Tollendal, a Lafayette, a Clermont-Tonnerre, I soon drew back from this object of my worship, disfigured by fanatic adorners. As a defender of the throne, I did not make a compromise with my oaths, and by lending it to the very last the feeble aid of my arm, I have at least acquired a right to accuse the authors of its fall.

"In the midst of the revolutionary tempest which had surrounded us with wrecks, the enemies of France were advancing to share the fragments: we had a country to defend, and I flew to the frontiers. Being dangerously wounded in the immortal campaign of Pichegni in Belgium, I returned to Paris: a prison was my recompense. The overthrow of the reign of terror restored me to liberty, I entered the civil career; and from the post to which I attained, I saw those ephemeral governments shine and vanish one after the other, which rose like bubbles on the surface of some boiling fluid.

"My intentions were pure; I employed my credit to be useful; the public favour attended me; but what man in place can support the good which interest and adulation say of him? The 18th of Fructidor came; being obliged to choose a party between the power of which I was a member and my country which I adored, I did not hesitate to declare for the latter. Force, as too often happens, triumphed, and I was sent to Cayenne.

"I found means to avoid this honourable deportation, and when a series of incalculable events made the consular authority succeed to the power of the directory, I quitted my retreat to re-enter the career, dazzled by the aura of the brilliant day which rose over France.

"The extraordinary man, whom the nation, as inconsiderate as the horse in the fable, had called to her aid, to assist her in revenging herself on her enemies, succeeded beyond her expectations, and made her pay with her liberty for the immense glory with which he surrounded her.

"*Quel que soit le plaisir que cause la victoire, C'est l'acheteur trop cher, que l'acheteur d'un Sans qui les autres ne sont rien.*" (bien)

"But so intimate among the French is the association of the ideas of courage, honour and virtue, that wherever we see the one, we fancy the others, without minutely inquiring at first, whether this courage has been employed for our happiness or our misery—for the support of liberty or of tyranny.

"More candid than many others, I must confess to you, that in the midst of this focus of national glory which is without parallel in the history of modern nations, seized with the general intoxication into which the incompa-

table triumphs of our armies had plunged France, I showed myself less sensible to the outrages committed on our liberty than to the conquest of that preeminence in Europe which my country had so gloriously acquired.

"The Spanish war, begun without a reason, prosecuted without object and without success, that fatal war in which my only son lost his life, at last opened my eyes. Nature by the sense of my own misfortunes, made me sensible of those which threatened France. Resolved from that moment to quit important functions in which I was no longer supported by the two great interests of my life, the hope of being useful to my country, and paternal ambition, I addressed the voice of truth, perhaps for the first time, to the ear of a man, whose reason seemed to be impaired by success and flattery: he replied with disdain, appointing me to an office higher than that which I filled: I answered with a noble pride: I sent in my resignation.

"His departure for Moscow was the signal of the absolute retirement to which I condemned myself, and in which I was accompanied by the presentiment of all the misfortunes which we see pour in upon France.

"After 40 years of a life spent for the most part in the midst of revolutions, in which I have sometimes done good, which I have always desired—in which I have nothing to reproach myself with, except the having enjoyed with too much confidence and pride the glory which my country had acquired, I have come to bury myself in this native solitude, where but for the painful recollections that haunt me still, I should live more happy, that is more useful than I ever was able to do in the high functions which I have so long filled."

The recital of his adventures, to which I listened with extreme interest, led Mr. N. to speak of his present situation; and I found in it the proof that it is possible to combine with much imagination, that philosophy of character, which at length renders a man wholly indifferent to the things on which happiness is generally made to depend.

"One has always understanding enough," continued he, "to lose some in the world, and to become more foolish and more wicked: perhaps more is required to live in retirement where one grows better: I would even venture to assert it, if I were not myself the object of my remark. In fact our most durable tastes arise out of our habits, and those which one contracts in the situation in which I am, can have their source only in a good employment of one's time.

"I live among men half savage, with whom those virtues have taken refuge which a high degree of civilisation seems to exclude; the most generous hospitality, respect for conjugal faith, and a deep sense of religion (*La religion des tombeaux*). These estimable qualities are unhappily allied with faults and even vices, the ordinary fruits of extreme ignorance. The inhabitants of the Landes are general given to drunkenness, to jealousy and to the grossest superstition. Uncleanliness, the greatest inconvenience of which perhaps is that it impoverishes and degrades the species, is among them an

hereditary way of living, in which they take pleasure, and which the increase of their fortune does not induce them to change.

"Fully resolved to end my days in this gloomy country, I have imposed on myself the duty of contributing all in my power to ameliorate the situation of the good *Lannusquets*, who want only a little industry and instruction to be the best people in the world. You would not believe, if I did not offer to give you proofs of it, that the greater part of these shepherds of the *Grande Lande* are ignorant under what government they live, and to what province of France they belong, and that to introduce among them the use of the vaccine, I have been forced to make them believe that a mark was imprinted on them to secure them from the effects of sorcery.

"I am at present engaged in establishing a Lancastrian School, the opening of which is delayed only till the arrival of a master, for whom I have sent to Paris. I am convinced that this mode of instruction, so rapid and so cheap, can alone, in less than twenty years, give the inhabitants of this country the degree of civilization, necessary for the development of their physical and moral faculties. It must be mentioned to the honour of this province, that in proportion to its population, it has produced in these latter times, more distinguished officers than any other in France. A man whose name will always be an honour to the French nation, Vincent de Paul, founder of the establishment for Foundling Children, and of the *Filles de la Charité*, for the service of the sick poor, was born among the shepherds of the Landes, and left the care of a mean flock in the village of Poy, only to take one of the first places among the benefactors of humanity." * * * * Some hours passed in this agreeable conversation; but unwilling to abuse the obliging reception I had met with, I expressed my intention of departing to seek a lodging at Albret: the good Solitary would not consent, and forced me to accept a lodging in his house, promising to accompany me to Mont de Marsan, whither he was going on some business, if I would pass the following day with him: I accepted this proposal with gratitude.

It was late when we retired to rest. The next morning at eight o'clock, my host entered my chamber; he was armed with a fowling piece, and had been out shooting pigeons, (*Palombes*, a large wood-pigeon, which is very fine eating). After breakfast he proposed a tour in the neighbourhood, promising to contrive it in the most favorable manner for the observations which I was come to collect. We took the road towards Albret, mounted on two ponies (*craguelins*), whose size and pace was the most convenient for a man of my age. At some distance from the house, we stopped near a flock of sheep, penned on the heath, and guarded by two couisiots, in the service of Mr. N. These two men, mounted on their stilts, which are called *changueas*, were leaning on a long pole, which serves them to walk with, and knitting a kind of cap (*toque* or *barette*) like that which covered their heads; they

wore a long sheepskin doliman without sleeves; their naked feet rested on their stilts; and their legs were wrapped up in a fur called *camaus*, bound with red garters; they had by them, in a basket of a peculiar form, all the articles necessary to their support; the pan for the *cruchades* (a dough made with millet flour, and dipped in a sauce made with melted bacon), the Gallicia anchovies, black bread, and a vessel of wine for the forty days which they have to pass away from the farm.

Mr. N. entered into conversation with them, and I remarked that the ancient Gascon language, in use in this country, is infinitely more agreeable to the ear than the modern patois which is spoken in the rest of the province. * * To give me an idea of the prodigious address and agility of these shepherds, the solitary spoke a few words to one of them, and I saw him traverse, in five or six minutes, a space which could not be less than 300 toises, passing and repassing over fences four feet high, which surrounded the enclosure of the sheepfold: when he returned to us, I saw him, to my great astonishment, seat himself on the ground, and raise himself again without any other support than his pole; and, as a last specimen of incredible dexterity, pick up, as he walked, some small pieces of money which we had scattered on the heath.

PORTRAITS IN HIGH LIFE.

PORTRAIT IV.

LA PRINCIPESSA DI LAGO.

The pride of ancestry, and the pre-eminence which noble blood bestows, exalt this Princess to the summit of grandeur. Not only is she descended from a long and pure lineage of princely predecessors, but she derives her name from a numerous race of heroes. The star of her native house stands high in the firmament of renown, and often has illumined the North with the splendor of its valorous achievements. Wherever the battle was hottest—wherever the full tide of victory rolled, the banner of that house has waved proudly.

Hardy and stern in fight, the chiefs of her name gathered every where laurels in the field of honor. Emulous of glory, and mindful of the blood which flowed in their veins, her daring progenitors sprang, almost in childhood, from the painted dome or gilded palace, tore themselves from the embraces of their mothers, and leaped from the lap of luxury to join the martial cohorts of their kinsmen. These chiefs were not to be found couched upon velvet, and reclined on beds of down; leaning on the pillow of sensuality, or revelling at the intemperate board. They did not habitually inhale the enervating odors of incense, or move to the soft sound of the lute.

The helmet was their crown; the sword

was their sceptre; the tented field, and oftener the bivouac, was their abode; earth was their resting place; the vault of heaven was the canopy under which they slumbered; the sulphurous exhalation of the loud cannon was their perfume; the thrilling trumpet and the thundering drum was the music to which they moved on to fame and to victory. These, "with all the pomp and circumstance of war," formed their occupation and their delight:—in fine, their sons were valiant, and their daughters fair.

How nobly did her gallant relative close his mortal career on the gory field of Jena! Slowly, solemnly, and clad in the deepest sable, did his armed host move to a later scene of action; a skull and bones—emblems of death, were the only ornaments affixed to their mourning habit; the horse hair on their dingy helmet, and the cloak of the hussard floated on the breeze; all bespoke the warrior tried in many a field: all was awful silence—fixed gloom, until the bristling mustachio rose indignant at the foe's advance—and the bright sabre leaped from its sheath, and glittered in the morning beam.

Then did the strong heart throb, then did the full breast swell, then did the tear lurk reluctantly on the soldier's eyelid, little used to weep. Their chief and his veteran band had wrongs to avenge—had a debt of retributive justice to pay—had the manes of a departed Prince to satisfy: and upon the tyrant's legions did they dart, scattering their enemies like chaff before the wind: horse and foot rushed upon the foe, and on their devoted heads poured shot and sabrestrokes like hail. They conquered—but their leader fell.—A deep groan issued from the circle which surrounded his expiring body.—But he died in the arms of victory: he breathed his last on the bed of glory! Vengeance, however, was satisfied: their work was done.

Who would not glory in being derived from such a stock? Of such is the Principessa di Lago, bearing the broad seal and impression of her descent. She brake into maturity with the stamp of nobility in her air and on her features; she bloomed in promise; and many a fond eye, and partial tongue, were admirably employed respecting her. Born to rule, she was early destined for high alliance—she was early pointed at as one, from whom a long race of future heroes might be perpetuated in the historic page—to fill up the memorable legends of her House—to add splendid records, rich armorial bearings, chival-

rous quarterings and increasing trophies to an already so distinguished name.

In such a hope, her family was not disappointed: their fondest wishes, their most ambitious thoughts were satisfied in this point to the amplest measure of plenitude. She was even exalted in wedlock, and placed in the full prospect of royalty, the most distinguished, the most dignified—in the expectation of sharing the throne of a patriot King, of the ruler of a free and illustrious nation.

In her partner, she met with every requisite to form the prince and the man—the most perfect model of high polish and extensive endowment—in a word, the first gentleman in the land, we might say, in Europe. Ties of consanguinity strengthened, and more firmly united the hymeneal knot; lovely offspring called for increased endearments; the fame of her husband's arms might have satisfied her ambition; and the success of his reign might have ensured to him her unalterable admiration.

It was not so; early domestic jars, festering resentments, and deeply treasured slights, enflamed her bosom, and consumed all conjugal tranquillity; whilst arrogance of temper, exercised where it least could be admitted, and unforgiveness of heart overturned completely her mansion of peace. In other respects, the Principessa was condescending; to others she was kind and obliging; she wanted not popularity of manners, nor affability towards her inferiors; she could display generosity on very frequent occasions; she could enhance the merit of an obligation by the manner in which it was conferred; she could ennoble and sanctify a gift by the grace and kindly smile of the donor: "she had a tear for pity, and a hand open as day to melting charity."

Yet did she not succeed in her efforts to please, yet did she not suit the lofty sphere in which she was placed; yet did she not assort and assimilate her manners to a people, who expectantly, fondly, and anxiously looked up to her. There is, in the nation over which she was placed, a roman-matron-like scrupulosity, a pomp of propriety, a purity of national manner, a jealousy of any lax innovation, or foreign weed introduced into their court, which makes it difficult to obtain, and still more arduous to preserve unqualified popularity. Here, she completely failed, misplaced condescensions, unbecoming familiarities, unnecessary complaisance, awkward levity, and unseemly ease, ill-advised conduct, and measures out of time and place, misrepresented perhaps as good a heart, and as worthy intentions as ever existed.

Unhappily, the national eye was offended; the national ear was outraged; malice gave the tale of ill-fame to the tattling gale; and on it's ether wing was it wafted to that mind and to that breast, which were in consequence shut to her exclusion. Here ended mutual tenderness; here closed reciprocal esteem; here was an indissoluble interest severed perhaps for ever. Busy friends widened the breach, 'till at last separation ensued.

Wandering now in relaxing climes, does this bright star of a great and warlike family seek amusement in variety, distinction in eccentricity, solace in dissipation, and imitating, in her costume, the heathenish Hordes through whose countries she has passed, she seems to forget the nobility of her race, the love of her people, and the honor of the north.

Never shall we cease to regret the loss of this illustrious personage; never can we cease to lament the fate which has befallen her. Alas! our ardent wishes for the hour of return, and of reconciliation are now in vain; and vain perhaps is the desire to behold her again seated where the high deeds of her ancestors and the approval of a great nation had formerly placed her. Never shall we behold those golden days, when, at the close of a long and happy life, she might almost borrow the language of Ovid, and say in the decline of years.

Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebant Zephyri natos sine semine flores.

M

ROMAN LETTERS.

VALERIA MESSALINA TO LUCIUS VITELLIUS.
Nothing in the universe can be more preposterously ridiculous than this sudden qualm of conscience which has seized you, in reflecting upon a fraud which was so necessary for our mutual advantage. Without the imposition, it would have been impossible to have carried on the extensive range of pleasure that I had projected, and which by this gross imposition upon the senate, you have enabled me to pursue with effect. But it seems that you tremble for your popularity, and are fearful that the people will execrate you for the zeal which you have manifested in vindicating my character from reproach; when they shall find by my subsequent conduct that their credulity has been abused and the treasury drained to reward parasites and gratify licentiousness. This only shows that selfishness is the principle of your actions, and that neither you nor your colleagues were sincere in your professions of attachment, when you took so much pains to interest the populace in my favor. For your services in advancing my cause when I stood in need of them, I feel a becoming respect; but when you ask me to play the hypocrite, and to put a restraint upon my passions merely to save the credit of a few designing and ambitious advocates, all obligations are cancelled by the

extravagance of the demand. Compared with your conduct, mine is perfectly harmless and even laudable; for what is it but the indulgence of a constitutional love of pleasure without any regard to the consequences? when you, on the contrary, evince a cool and crafty desire of gain under the pretence of gallant feeling, exquisite sensibility, and fervent patriotism. It is true, I found it expedient to cooperate with you for a season in the work of deception; but as we had such a distinct object in view, strictly reserved within our own bosoms, when mine was obtained you were at full liberty to prosecute the other. Your eloquence, however, persuasive as it is, cannot prevail over the voice of love; or induce me to adopt a philosophical course of life, that your veracity may not be called in question or your integrity as a senator be impeached by the people, over whom you have obtained an influence. There is not one member of the phalanx, of which you are so distinguished a leader, that had the smallest esteem for me while they were filling all Rome with my praises, and vilifying the Emperor for his brutality: it is too much, therefore, to expect that I should make a sacrifice of my inclinations when the opportunity of indulging them is in my power, out of complaisance to their wishes, and for no other purpose than to assist them in getting possession of that authority, which they would employ to my disgrace and probable destruction. They who could calumniate Claudius, as being naturally of an unfeeling disposition, debased by immoral connexions, and deadened to all perception of glory by sensual indulgence; can have no claim upon the confidence of Messalina, however much she may be indebted to their oratory and exertions for saving her from ruin. Farewell.

POLITICS.

Our Parliamentary intelligence has during the present week been of considerable interest.—In the House of Commons on Tuesday was discussed the important affair of Mr. Canning's mission. After a long debate, the motion on the subject was negatived by a division of 270 to 96.—On Wednesday the Report of the Committee of Finance was considered; and leave was given to bring in Bills to carry into effect its recommendations for the abolition of certain sinecure places.—The London Tithes Bill, the object of which was to relieve the inhabitants of the metropolis from the inequalities latterly complained of in the collection of Tithes, was lost after a short debate: the numbers being—for the Bill, 21; against it, 146; majority 125.—There were on Thursday laid before both Houses of Parliament copies of a Treaty of Commerce and Navigation between their Britannic and Sicilian Majesties. Among other provisions, his Sicilian Majesty engages that British Com-

merce shall be treated throughout his dominions on the same footing as the most favored nations, and that a reduction of ten per Cent. shall be made on the amount of the duties, payable according to the Tariff in force the 1st of January 1816, on British imports. The inhabitants of the Ionian Islands are, in consequence of their being under British protection, to enjoy the same privileges as British subjects.

Our foreign intelligence is not very important. In France that portion of the French ministry who were disquieted by the presence of M. de Blacas at Paris, have been relieved from their alarms by that person setting off for Italy. It is thought rather curious that the Gardes de la Prevoté, of which M. de Montearau (father in law to M. de Blacas) was Colonel, are suppressed.—A committee, it appears, is to be formed in Prussia, of which one half consists of members of the Council of State, and the other of deputies from the Provinces, to consider of and prepare the new constitution.—The differences between the King and the States of Wirtemberg, so far from being adjusted, as former accounts led us to expect, are become more serious than ever, and a rupture of the negotiations altogether can be prevented only by an immediate concession of the latter to the unequivocally expressed will of the former.—Not less than 20,000 stand of arms have been already shipped off for Portugal. A general alarm still prevails throughout Portugal that that kingdom is to be left defenceless at the mercy of a neighbouring government. The armaments preparing in the Ottoman Empire are again confidently spoken of. These preparations are ascribed to the apprehensions entertained by the Turkish government of designs against the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, being in contemplation of certain christian Powers. The provisions of a most important law, which may be denominated the Navigation Act of the United States of America, are published in the Boston Commercial Gazette. The object of this measure is to protect the shipping interest of the States; its means is the exclusion of all other nations from a competition in their carrying trade. As British commerce has, since the peace, carried only native manufactures or commodities, this law seems calculated to do it little injury, of a direct kind at least. The expedition which lately left Cadiz is bound to the Spanish main, in all haste, in consequence of the bad news to the Royalist cause, which had arrived from that quarter. It

consists of about 1,700 men, escorted by two sloops. Another small expedition was preparing to double Cape Horn, and land either in Chili or Arica; carrying out 800 or 1,000 men.—General Bolivar had, on the 10th of February last, with less than 1,000 men, completely defeated the army of the Royalists, consisting of 3,000, of whom 1,000 were killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. Bolivar, in a letter to Admiral Brown, is said to have assured him that he should, by the 20th of April, be in possession of Cumana.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An Essay on Capacity and Genius speedily will be published. The object of this work is to prove that no such principle exists in nature as innate genius, but that all apparent superiority of intellect in one individual above another, depends entirely on adventitious circumstances. The craniological theory of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim are examined in this Essay, and the author endeavours to shew that they have no basis in philosophy, and should only be considered as a speculative delusion.

Extract of a letter from Paris.—"The St. Helena manuscript continues to be read with great avidity by all parties. After having attributed it to Benjamin Constant, who disowns it; to General Lamarque who never thought of it; and to Maret, totally incapable of writing it, the public still remains in doubt as to the real author. What is most probable is, that Las Cases has written it from a recollection of his different conversations with Bonaparte, and perhaps he might have inserted in it some fragments composed by the ex-Emperor himself."

From the Maine, April 9.—"The Princess of Wales, before she left Munich, caused a pamphlet to be distributed, under the title of "Journal d'un Voyageur Anglois," containing a description of her travels, and several of the occurrences of her life.

Mr. Rigland will shortly publish an Historical Display of the Effects of Physical and Moral Causes, on the Character and Circumstances of Nations.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD.—No graduations during the past week.

CAMBRIDGE.—Degrees of -M. A. have been conferred on the Rev. J. Herdman, Trinity; Messrs. M. Boswell, Fellow of Clare Hall; and C. Babbage, of St. Peters.—Degrees of B. A. upon Revd. C. Lee, Clare; Messrs. J. T. Allen, H. R. S. Smith, J. P. Mather, Trinity; R. Crone, P. W. Pegus, T. S. Wale, St. John's; T. Mack, Caius; R. Myddelton, Clare; and J. B. Berney, Corpus Christi.

ROYAL SOCIETY, April 17.—The Society having assembled after the holidays, the conclusion of Mr. Marshall's Natural History of the Cinnamon Tree was read. The true cinnamon tree rises to the height of thirty feet; its roots yield camphor; its leaves are seven or eight inches long and two or three broad; its flower is white, and of a most disagreeable odour; but its berries are greedily devoured by the birds.

What is called cassia is the receptacle and unripe seeds of the *laurus cinnamomum*. In Ceylon there are four cinnamon plantations containing from 1000 to 3000 acres each: three of them are represented as being well cultivated, and the fourth in a rather decayed and unproductive state.

April 24. A paper by Mr. Uppington, describing the nature and advantages of an instrument which he calls an "Electrical Increaser," was communicated by Dr. Pearson, and read. It consists of a series of brass plates which carry and retain the electric fluid.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.—A paper by Mr. Thomas Lander Dick, on the appearances called the "Parallel Roads" in Glenrhy, in the shire of Inverness. This glen extends about eight or nine miles from N.E. to S.W. and consists of six or seven distinct vistas or reaches, produced by the projections and bendings of the hills. It is very narrow, and the river Roy runs along its bottom. On the sloping sides of the hills on each side are seen what have been called the Parallel Roads,—a series of shelves receding one above another, through the whole extent of the glen. Each shelf preserves a horizontal position throughout the length of the glen. In number, height, and position, they are similar on the opposite sides of the glen.

These shelves, which some have supposed to be artificial, Mr. Dick shows, very satisfactorily, must have been produced by the action of the surface of a vast lake, which must have filled the valley, but undergone a series of successive subsidences, by the bursting out of its waters, corresponding to the number of "roads" now visible. He has, he thinks, ascertained the point in the glen through which the waters rushed when the lake subsided to the second level.

Mr. Dick supports his theory by observations made on the margins of deep lakes in the Highlands, and by an analogous road or shelf, which surrounds a valley above the town of Sabieco, forty-six miles east from Rome, and which is known to have been once on a level with the waters of the lake, by the ruins of the baths of Nero, and of the aqueduct by which Appian Claudius conveyed water from this lake to Rome, though the lake is now much lower.

Dr. Brewster communicated experiments on the human eye, relating chiefly to the aqueous, vitreous, and crystalline humours. Contrary to the received opinion, the aqueous and vitreous humours were found to have refractive powers greater than that of water, that of the vitreous humour being the highest. The tint polarized by the crystalline of the human eye is a faint blue of the first order.

A letter from T. Allan, Esq. gave a sketch of the mineral structure of the country round Nice. It is chiefly composed of limestone, disposed in irregular strata, containing shells of the same description with those of the sea beneath.

Sir George Mackenzie read an essay On the Theory of Association in Matters of Taste. It is of considerable length, and occupied the whole time of three meetings of the Society.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

His statement respecting Junius is not sufficiently authenticated.

P. M.'s proposal, as he himself observes, is not new.